

Film Fun

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Helen Keller's Amazing
Photo-Drama—Pages 20 and 21.

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THE LEAGUE OF SMILES

HERE'S A CHANCE

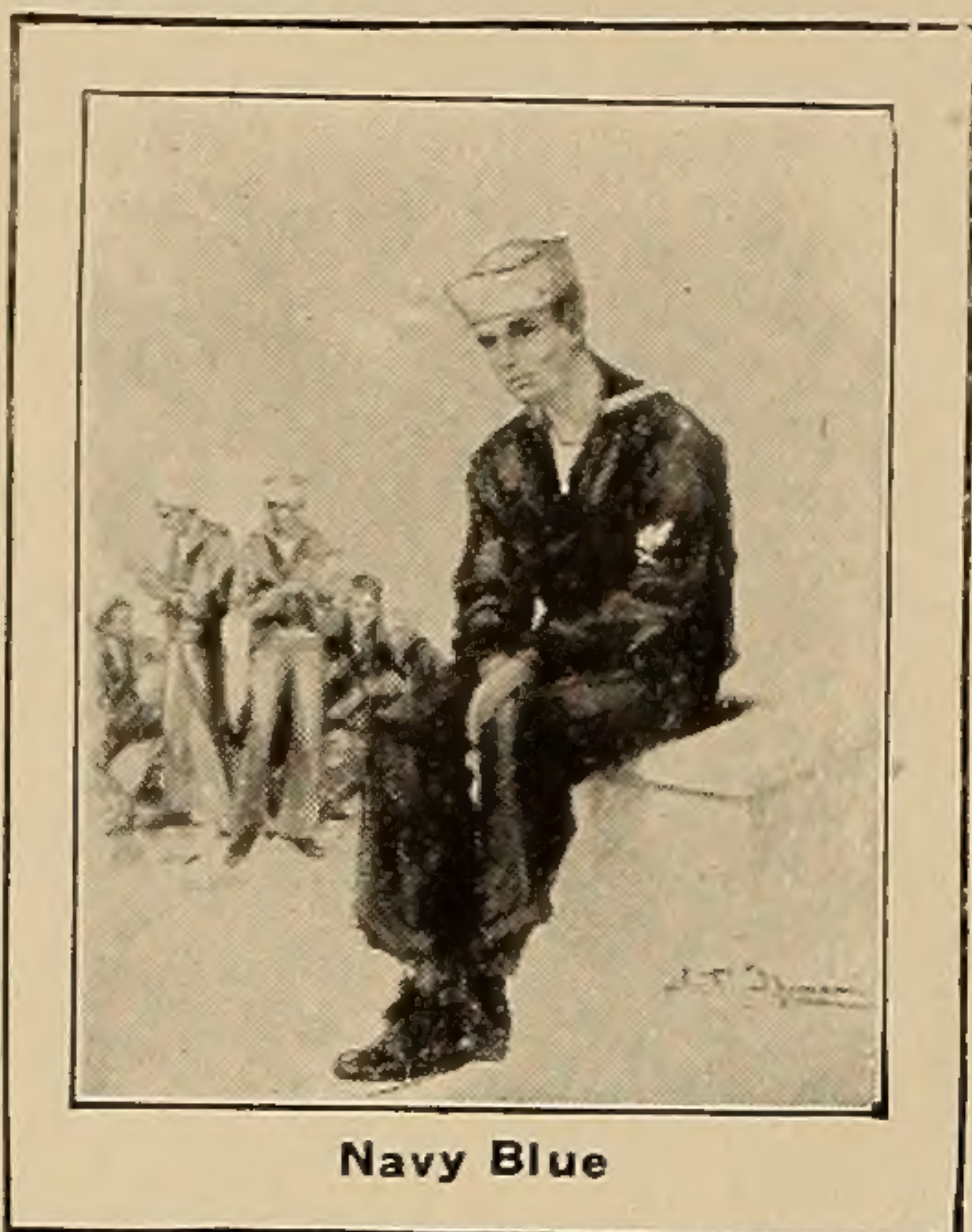
to make your own selection from an assortment of ten Judge Art Prints, thus giving you the opportunity to pick out those which appeal to you the most. Heretofore we have been offering these prints in groups of five, choosing those which proved to be the most popular subjects by their demand. This time we are leaving it to you entirely.

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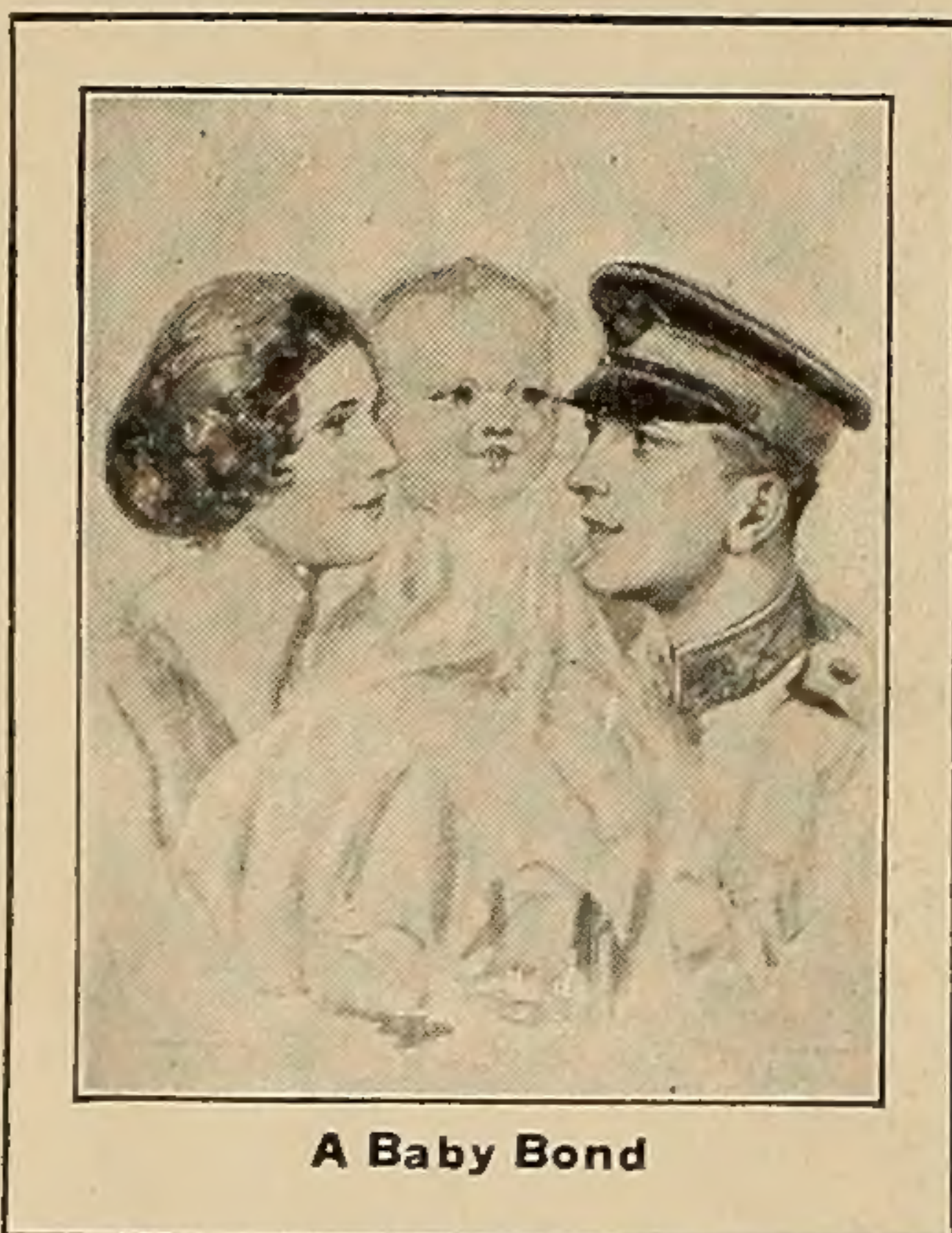
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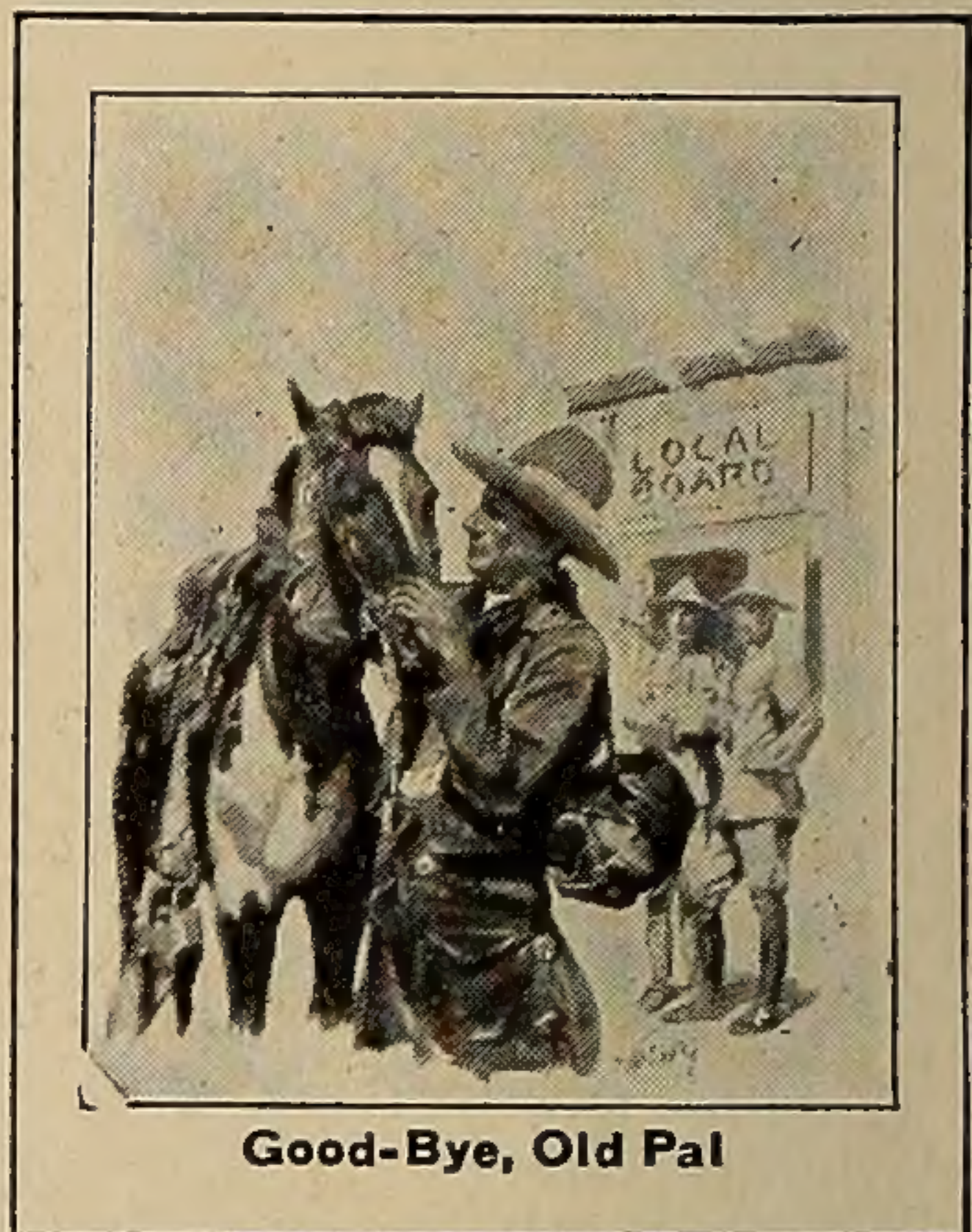
Navy Blue



A Tribute From France



A Baby Bond



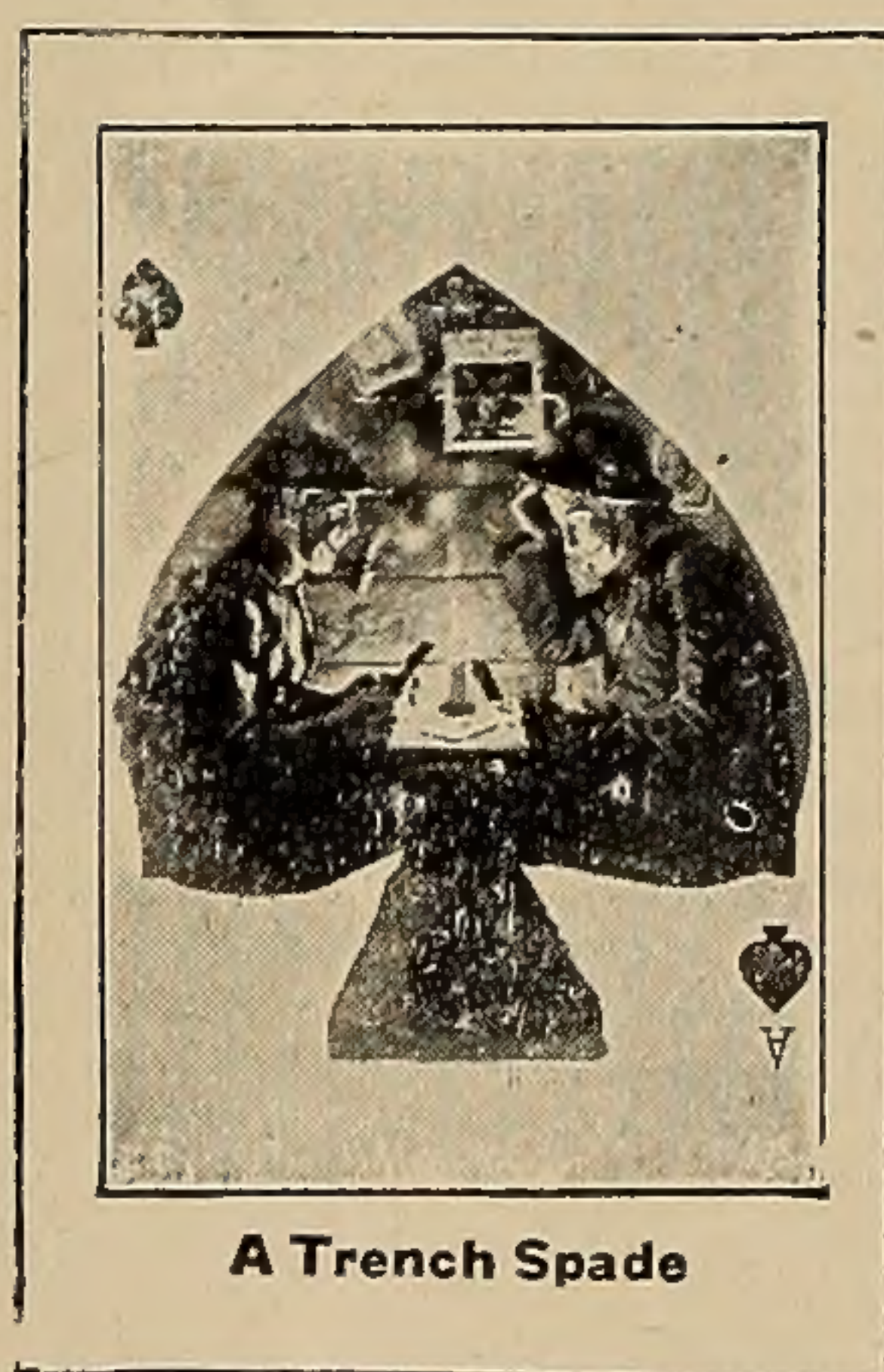
Good-Bye, Old Pal



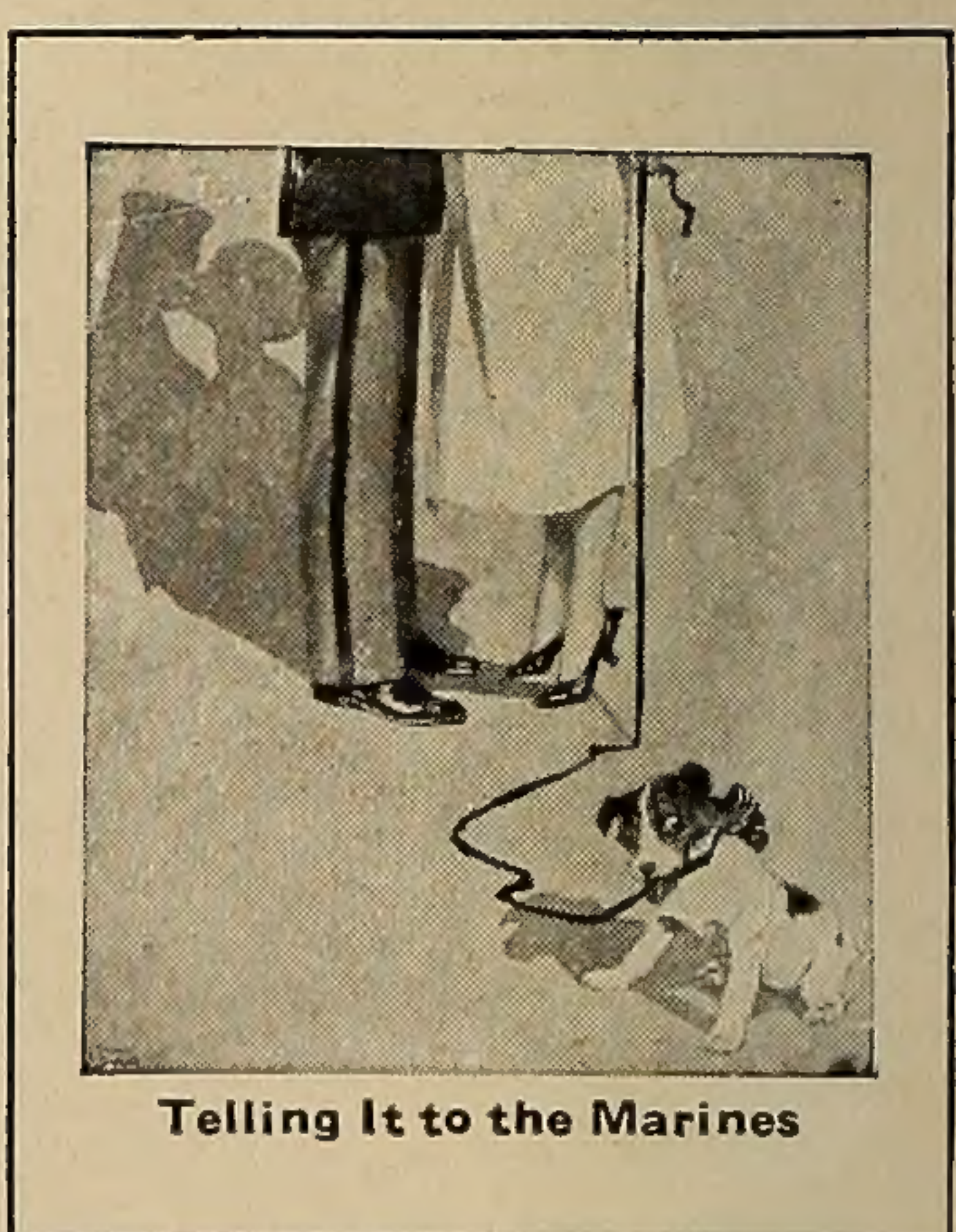
A Present from Her Sailor Friend



Petticoats and Pants



A Trench Spade



Telling It to the Marines



War Babies



A Jill for a Jack

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FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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PARAMOUNT

It might be an old miniature on ivory of Grandmother Gish, instead of an up-to-the-minute Hartsook study of the sprightly Dorothy. Fashions in loveliness "carry on."



TALMADGE-SELECT

ABBE PHOTO

Twenty-five Yale seniors, completing their course in the higher arts, demonstrated their fitness to be judges of beauty by naming Norma Talmadge as their favorite actress. In this very recent portrait, Miss Talmadge is registering approval. Her admirers are not confined to the Yale campus, we might add.



AFEDA PHOTO

Dolores Cassinelli, sometimes called "The Cameo Girl," has her own ideas about picture gowns and how to wear them. The success of this simple one-piece frock of blue and silver is due to the artistic combination of fabrics. Try it on your own dress form, with Mandarin sleeves of lace or figured tissue, tunic of some lustrous plain material, and skirt of some rough, dull stuff of a contrasting color. And don't overlook the needlework design that joins tunic and skirt.



Curls and girls have been pals for ages, but it remained for Mary Pickford to give the curl strictly modern publicity ; in other words, to capitalize it. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and the number of curls, worn in imitation of Mary Pickford's, if placed in a curly line, would reach from Hollywood to Fort Lee.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

WILLIAM FOX has discovered what ails movies. He says that commercialism, and not art, dominates the mind of most producers. The basis for this conclusion is doubtless his artistic foresight in having a film of "Wilson at the Paris Conference" ready for release before the President's ship had left New York Harbor on the first trip. Or it may be his picture presentation of the De Saulles murder or the Cailleaux case or the life story of General Pershing is proof that he's ready with a real remedy. 'Ave a 'art, William, 'ave a 'art!

Tom Terriss—may his tribe increase—has written a photoplay without sub-titles. Seems as if the dear public has waited quite long enough for this testimonial to its intelligence.

The eleventh episode of "The Trail of the Tiger" is to be filmed at Santa Cruz. It is called "In the Breakers," and George Larkin says it's a sure thing they'll come back "broke"; all pilgrims to this location do.

Can any bright fan enlighten us as to what a "refined dark blue" really looks like? One of the film folks out on the coast has an auto distinguished in that way. We got on all right with "ivory and brown," "dull blue and silver," "maroon" and "dull gray"; but "refined" blue is a novelty, and everybody will want it.

It's becoming a fad with directors who are paid from three hundred to as many thousand dollars a week to speak pridefully of past performances. Rollin Sturgeon relates that he was Vitagraph's first scenario editor, and his weekly pay envelope contained just three five-dollar bills, and he considered himself one of the high-salaried efficient of the force. Some pictures are pleasing only in the haze of long, long ago.

The chap who wanted to know "what's in a name" can find the answer in the cast of "The Right to Happiness." Maxine Elliott Hicks is it.

Who dares to say there are no locations that haven't been used in pictures? Mary MacLaren says some of the scenes in "The Weaker Vessel" were made in a little California town where she went out and bought boots bearing the manufacture date 1868. She says they're square-toed, with half-inch heels, and look as funny as the picture will fifty years from now.

Among the new pictures is a two-reel Western, "The Last Outlaw." This is good news, if true, and quite likely it is. Your real desperado is tough and can stand considerable strain, but anyone who knows the breed can realize that the film outlaw would just naturally make an end of it!

An all-star cast has been assembled for production of "A Little Brother of the Rich." It's star stuff, all right, but looks like hitherto the "extras" always got cast for the part.

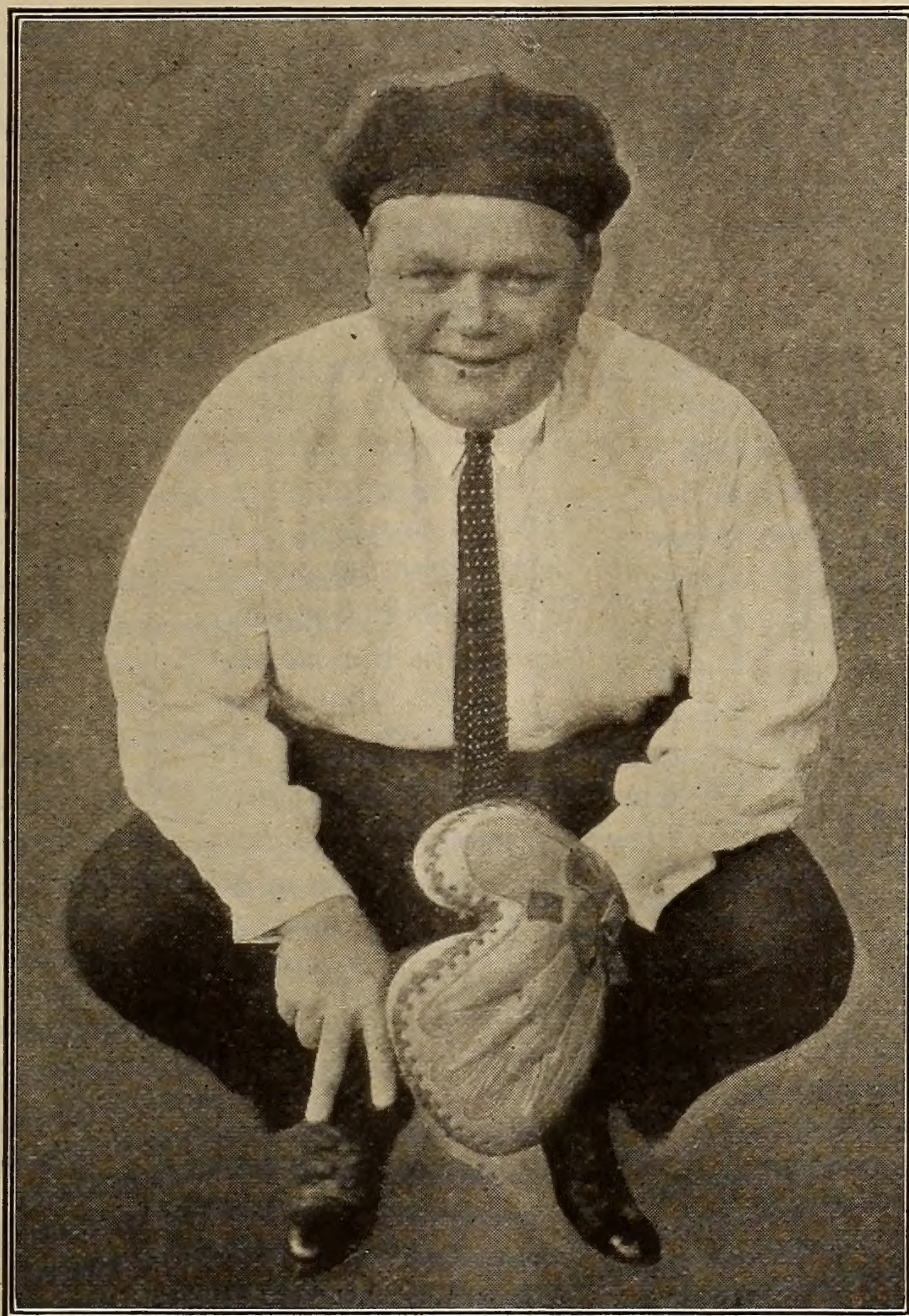
Frances Marion found a baby's shoe in a French dugout, and the reaction caused her to write a ripping comedy. We ventured the suggestion that if she attended a screen comedy, she would write a tragedy. She says, however, that too many of the movie comedies are tragedies.

Louise Lovely, leading lady in "Wolves of the Night," was the first woman to fly in an airship in Australia. We suppose Mother Eve was the first woman to fly in a tantrum.

Gladys Brockwell is to be seen in "The Forbidden Room." Bluebeard must be away chumming with the Kaiser.

The other night, after a hard day's work in the studio, Doralina dreamed she danced before King George and Queen Mary. She says it's a great life if you don't waken.

Charles Ray declares that despots are disappearing so rapidly that soon there will be only movie directors and Pullman porters left.



This is Fatty—no, this is Magnate Roscoe Arbuckle, president and owner of the Vernon Club of the Pacific Coast League. He is signaling to the pitcher to put a little custard pie on his fast one.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

NOW that the war is over and normal conditions are gradually being restored to the nations and peoples of the world, prominent among the many pre-war activities soon to be resumed, and new ones to be developed, is the production of the motion picture in foreign countries. This is something that, regrettably, has been too long deferred. For four years we have been surfeited with the output of American companies. The world was theirs, and as far as the public was concerned, it was a case of "take it or leave it" as one pleased. Had there been competition with a foreign output, possibly the cinema dramas of our own United States might have progressed in a more even way. Wonderful has been the development of this industry, the story of which is quite familiar to all. The growth on the whole has been, however, more along commercial lines than art lines. The money earned and the money spent in the production of the "movie," seemingly, has occupied more "space" in the minds of those engaged in the production than an earnest desire to make a contribution to "art."

As has been written of before in these columns, there is no great complaint as to acting, direction or photography. Better stories there undoubtedly should be. The "screen author" must become a personality, and the dominating one in the production of motion pictures, if the photoplay is ever to take its place among the fine arts of literature, music, painting and sculpture. The author is the creator; the rest, interpreters. When, as obtains in the motion picture, the great creative mind is of less consideration than the exploitation of a doll-faced, curly blond head, quite empty within, is it any surprise that so many impossible, inane stories are shown on the motion picture screens?

In a French picture magazine, *Le Film*, very pert and pregnant things are said to the American producer. The writer, Henri Diamant-Berger, concedes the degree of perfection to which our producers have attained in every department of the business except the story. On that subject he says: "But the Americans, now, must be obliged to see that this is not enough; one cannot make pictures without authors. It is not a question of dramatic authors, but of screen authors. The Americans have no screen authors. They have manufacturers of scenario who work on meas-



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

ure." It is to be hoped—and there is sufficient encouragement to hope—that the French producers and other foreign producers will soon be able to send to our wearisome screens something fresh in thought and interpretation. Mr. Berger warns the French producer in no uncertain terms, when he concludes, by saying: "If the French film does not wake up, the cinemas will be forced to yield in public preference to other spectacles." Now that the war is over, the French film will wake up. There is no need to worry. If ten years ago "Pathe" could produce such an art gem as his "Assassination of the Duc de Guise," we can rest assured the future will bring others. And let us hope the "Gaumont" trade-mark will once more flash on our screens and show us other beautiful dramas of the sea. Gaumont told on the screen stories of the sea as only Conrad tells of them between the cover of a book. Along these lines it is of great interest to note that a company has been formed to produce novels and dramas of Jewish historical life that lend themselves to screen interpretation. A story by David Pinski, one of the most renowned Yiddish writers in America, called "The Rebirth of a People," has been selected. It depicts the important events in the life of the Jewish people from the time of Moses to the present day. Many scenes are to be taken in Palestine. This is a good indication of motion picture activity in

foreign countries. It is also what the industry has sadly lacked—the interpretation of drama which will be in the hands of those who have the understanding and sympathetic feeling necessary to a convincing portrayal.

The first Swedish photoplay to be shown in New York City, "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," gives great promise. In that careless day some years ago when we didn't bother about royalties, I was very enthused over this Nobel prize story of Selma Lagerlof's, as having wonderful screen possibilities; and being equally anxious to play the part of *Helga*, I quietly made a scenario of it. I do not remember whether it ever was made into a picture. I have no recollection whatever of it ever being done. It matters little, for it would have been one short reel of quite crude, conventional drama. Now, after having seen this beautiful production, which was taken in Dalecarlia, Sweden, I can see how funny my scenario would have been. Here the

author, director and actors—the creator and all the interpreters of this great book in its transition to the screen—are Swedish. They knew what they were doing and did it as it should have been done. Aside from the many beautiful scenes of Swedish life and the splendid acting of the entire company, there was a story always consistently logical. The scenes at the little country courthouse, the groups of villagers in native costumes, the interesting interiors and the wedding festivities were most delightful sketches of intimate Swedish life. One scene was of unequaled beauty, and at Carnegie Hall, where the picture was shown, it brought a round of applause. It brought the “church boats” to the wedding. Both buggies and boats brought the guests (Sweden being so islandy). The boats came over the lake laden with men, women and children in native costume, with birch boughs trailing over the sides of the boats into the water and some carried upright. The picture could be helped considerably by a little closer trimming and an elimination of a few sub-titles. The program states, “Dramatized by Victor Sjöström and filmed by the Swedish Biograph Co.” If more foreign films of the intrinsic merit of “The Girl from the Marsh Croft” find their way to our shores and are given Broadway showings, the motion picture industry will surely profit thereby. Especially will the art of the film reach higher levels. England, France, Italy, Spain, Belgium and Russia have each their literature, music, painting and sculpture. Art is universal, and the artist of each country interprets in these different art forms the life of that country. Is the cinema alone not to be a universally recognized “art” form?

Something Nobody Knew

Mr. David Lawrence, that interesting writer on the New York *Evening Post*, has deigned to say a word regarding the motion picture industry. He visited Los Angeles on his tour of the West and seemed to be greatly impressed by the tremendous development and resultant wealth the “film” has brought to that Western city. He tells us a lot about the movies that everybody knows. He tells us one thing that nobody knew. I quote from the New York *Evening Post* of May 3d: “There are many reasons why the ‘Big Four,’ as they are called—Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and William Hart—found it advisable to organize so that they could get more direct control of productions and profits, and they wanted a man of organizing capacity to do the job.” I think I would be a bit “peeved” if I were paying a quarter of \$200,000 per year to Mr. McAdoo, and the credit for my generosity were given to someone who didn’t even belong to the “Big Four”! Mr. D. W. Griffith, and not Mr. Hart, belongs to this particular “Big Four.”

Commercializing the Movies

Profit is necessary to carry on. Money is the reason why most of us strive, for we must have a place to sleep and food to eat. Cannot there be a little less talk of “money” among the moving picture people and a little more sincerity in the work? In this regard, those who write for the movies and those who write novels and plays that are sold to the movie people are more to be pitied than

censured if they have developed too much commercialism. That czar of moviedom, the director, has killed any ambition sincere writers may have had to submit literary material for screen adoption or to write stories conceived especially for the screen. In the beginning, writers were interested in what was to be done with their story or play, but they soon found they were considered a nuisance around the studio. They were not invited to make suggestions and were promptly sat upon if they did. When the time came for the screen version of their work to be shown, they went eager to see it in its new art form, but became so discouraged at the crude changes, at the unforgivable reconstruction of plot and character, that the majority no longer cared to see their made-over plays or stories. They took the money and let it go at that.

Why Do We Wave the Red?

While the Government is censoring, as it properly should, all Bolsheviki plays, taking the red rags out of them, which pleases every patriotic heart, why in the name of common sense did it approve the use of the color “red” for the advertising of the Victory Loan? The color that signifies “revolution,” the use of which in the form of a flag is prohibited in this country, would hardly seem a wise choice of color to use for driving home the purpose and necessity of the Victory Loan. The huge splashes of “red” with a white “V” can too easily be misunderstood by the large number of ignorant foreigners in the United States (natives, too, for that matter), who would be justified in associating the “red” with a revolutionary meaning only. There are many other effective colors besides “red” which might appropriately and intelligently have been used. There is “blue,” with which Nature paints the cloudless sky; or “green,” the favorite color of our Irish friends and the color which Mother Earth so generously displays; “yellow,” the fresh color of the spring flowers and of the life-giving sunshine; or even “purple,” which is now somewhat in vogue since our Democratic President dines off royalty’s solid-gold plate. And there is “white,” the emblem of innocence; but, after all, why not “red, white and blue”?

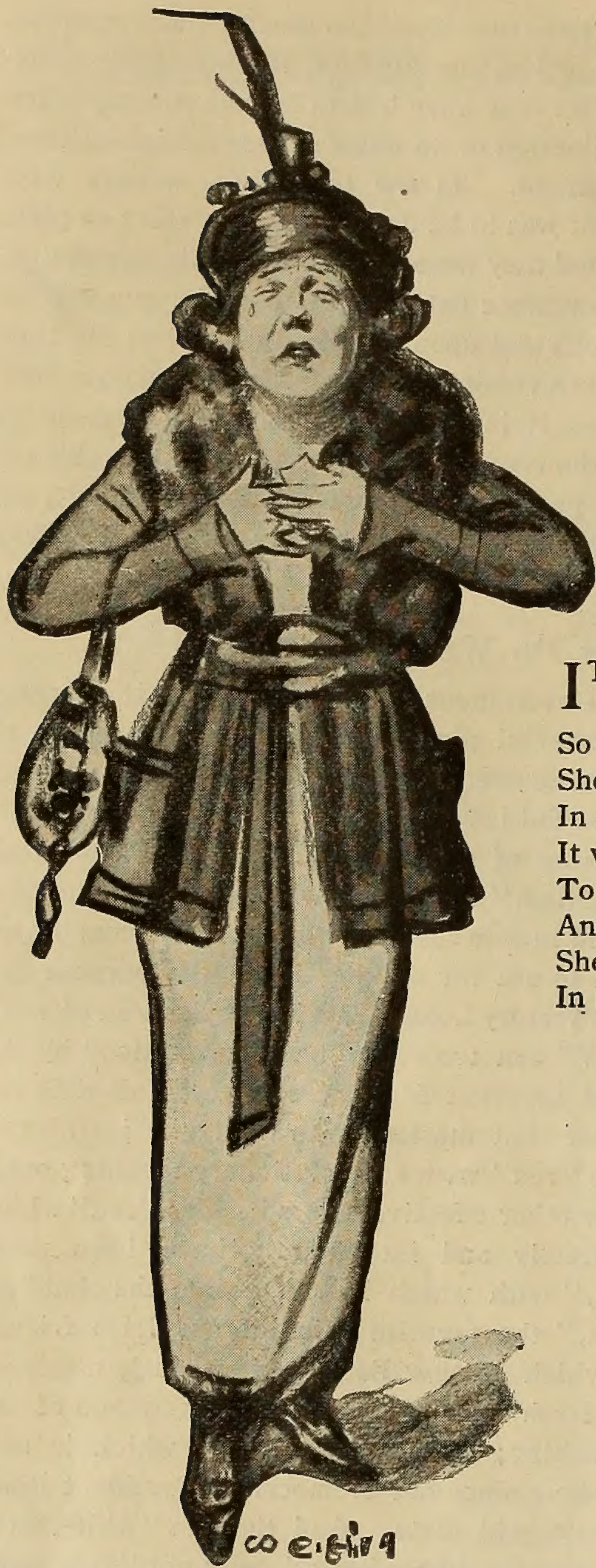
Fashions in the Movies

The stars take pride in their looks. They wear pretty clothes. Indeed, “Lucille” gowns have become so usual they do not even cause a ripple in the audience any more. Stories have been sacrificed, and acting, too, in some pictures, so that the “star” could leisurely display herself in French gowns and expensive furs and hats. In New York City we can see these gratis at the fashion shows. Of those engaged in studio work, the one the press agents have told us the least about and whose bank roll we are most in ignorance of is the photographer. To him should be given the greatest credit for the advancement of the motion picture. It is the one department of the industry that has maintained a slow, steady, continuous advance. To analyze coldly certain pictures one has enjoyed would result in a unanimous verdict that beautiful photography alone made the picture a success. And the greatest of motion picture photographers does not receive more than the salary of the average motion picture star.

Climbing Stairs to Stardom

By Michael Gross

Illustration by W. E. Hill



*He knew he had stumbled on
the greatest movie sensation
of the century.*

AGATHA Cynthia Pansy Hawkins,
Of Ryeville Center, New York, N. Y.,
Had the asthma so bad
That she couldn't walk two steps
Without starting to breathe heavy;
So Doctor Swoggins sent her to California
To get some new climate into her.

II.

IT took all the money she had
To buy the ticket;
So when Agatha hit Los Angeles,
She went to apply for a position
In a moving picture studio.
It was two long, steep flights up
To the director's office,
And when Agatha reached it,
She was swallowing her breath
In bucketfuls.

III.

THE director caught sight of her
Puffing like a grampus,
And knew that he had stumbled upon
The greatest movie sensation
Of the century.
He hired Agatha at once,
Gave her a few lessons in movie acting,
And then made her the leading lady
In an emotional, sob-heavy picture,
"Cold Gray Ashes of Burning Love."

IV.

JUST by being able to heave
Her breath from the knees up,
Agatha could carry off
The most dramatic situations.
And to-day, only a year later,
Whenever you see a billboard featuring
Miss Val de Vere Vallance,
The celebrated dramatic movie actress,
You know it means Agatha Cynthia Pansy Hawkins,
Who had the asthma so bad
That she had to leave Ryeville, New York,
To get some new climate into her.

Moral:

WHICH shows us that even our misfortunes
May sometimes be only blessings
In disguise.

Needed

"Did you ever notice that motion pictures have vogues?
For instance, vampire, Western and society stories are
popular at different times."

"I wish there would be a good picture vogue."

The Matter with the Movies

Too many films are made of flimsy plots and filmy
gowns.

Horrors

Visitor—Why did you discharge your shipping clerk?

Exchange Manager—He sent a Theda Bara film, instead
of an educational, to a church affair.

Nothing To Fear

Visitor—Oh, I stepped on that man's foot.

Studio Manager—Never mind. That wasn't the star;
it was only the president of the company.

Amenities

Vaudeville Theater Owner—The movies! Bah!

Movie Theater Owner—Well, we don't have to issue
passes to fill our theaters.

Hodge Podge

"Pa, what is a nightmare?"

"It's something that men who write comedy motion
picture scenarios get very frequently."

"The Money Corral" is Bill Hart's Own Story



1. Lem Beeson, who can drive a hole through a dime in mid-air, wins the shoot.



2. Gregory Collins, financier, wants Lem as guardian of his bank vault.



3. In Chicago, on the job, Lem receives mysterious warning that his life will be forfeit if he sticks.

What It Is About

Lem Beeson (Bill Hart) is offered a job as guardian of a Chicago bank vault, when he wins a shooting contest in Montana. Gregory Collins, financier, makes the offer. Lem cares nothing for the idea till he meets Rose, a poor relation of the Gregories. Rival interests plot to rob the Collins vault of certain papers, and Lem is mysteriously threatened with death. He tells Bruler, Collins's manager, who is false to his employer, and Bruler endeavors to have Lem put out of the way. They do not succeed, but home sickness for Montana drives Lem off the job long enough for Bruler to think the coast clear. Lem is there with his gun, however, in time to break up the robbery, and when he goes West, he takes Rose with him.



4. Lem and Rose, "the poor relation." But for her he would not have left his beloved West.



5. Lem warns Collins of the threat against his life. Bruler (at the left) hears, and lays his plans to have Lem, the watchman, put away for keeps.



6. The reverse happens. Lem tells Collins that he has killed one robber, wounded another, and made Bruler prisoner in the bank vault.

Pettigrew's "Girl" Is Too Good To Be True



1. Pettigrew, having bought Daisy's picture, sees her from Row A.

2. Millionaire Varick claims that money is no obstacle to marriage.



Told Without Trimmings

A lonely soldier is *William Pettigrew*, stationed at an embarkation camp near New York. In a shop window he sees a photo of *Daisy Heath* (Ethel Clayton), a popular show girl, and buys it. Later he sees the original on the stage and waits outside to tell her of his admiration. *Daisy* has a millionaire friend, *Hugh Varick*, who wants to marry her, and till the lonely *Pettigrew* crossed her path, *Daisy* didn't think it a half-bad idea. But the more she sees of *Pettigrew*, the better she likes him, and when her lonely soldier tells her that he loves her, she breaks—honest she does!—with the millionaire, confessing she merely tolerated him for his coin's sake. Then she waits patiently until "her man" returns from France.



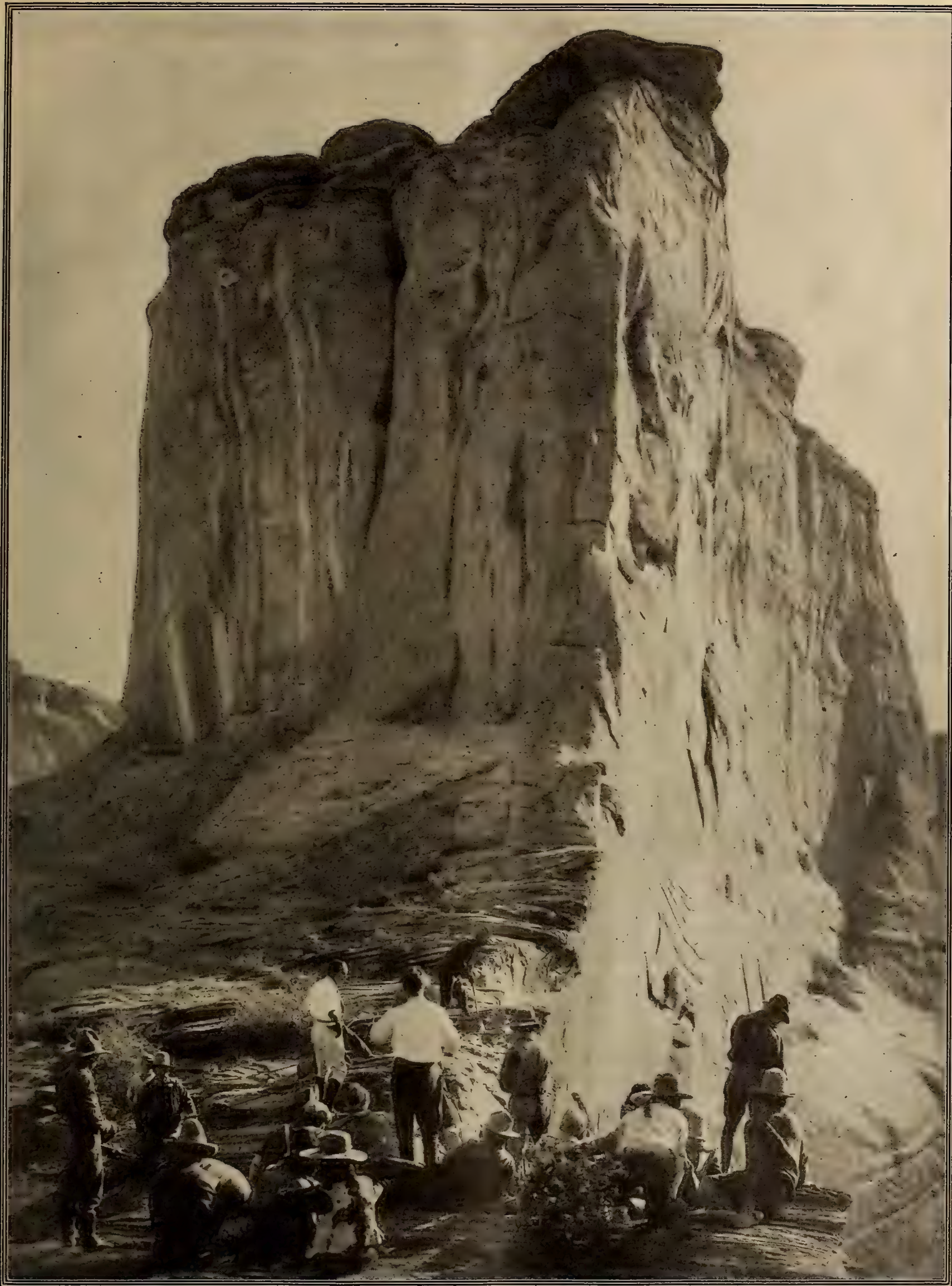
3. The lonely *Pettigrew* gets *Daisy* to autograph the portrait of her he has bought.

4. *Daisy* feels that *Pettigrew* "has brought something new into her life."



5. Before her soldier sails for France, she breaks dates with the millionaire, in order to spend whole days with the lad in khaki.

6. And it is a little war-worker who greets *Pettigrew* upon his glad return from the fighting zone. What show has a mere millionaire?



STAGING A FAIRBANKS PICTURE

A leap from this rock to a pony's back will keep an audience in thrills for at least an evening.

Childhood Favorites Filmed

By Robert C. Benchley



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HELD, JR.

*Lupo, the Wolf, throws off his boudoir cap and stands leering at Little Red Riding-Hood.
"The Beast Shows His True Colors."*

SCENARIO writers can expect little sympathy in their arduous search for subjects and plots so long as they leave untouched the most obvious of all plot orchards—the nursery books. You would have thought that some one of them, instead of rewriting the scenario about the horse thief who saved the sheriff's daughter, would have gone one step nearer childhood and worked Little Red Riding-Hood into a screen drama. But no. They have seen fit to keep on playing variations on the same old stories that were thrown on the screen in the days when it was called the "biograph" and flickered like a man with winking St. Vitus's Dance. It therefore remains for us to lead the way to an even older and better class of plots. Our first release will be:

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

Cast

The Girl.....Theda Bara
The Wolf.....Francis X. Bushman
The Grandmother.....Marguerite Clark
The Youngest Policeman....William Russell
Thugs, passers-by and other policemen

Little Red Riding-Hood leaves her home, bound for her Grandmother's with a basket of food. Her Mother kisses her as she goes out the gate. "Good-by and God bless you!" On the corner she meets the Wolf, dressed in tweeds and driving a roadster. He almost runs her down, at which she registers apprehension. Wolf stops car and comes back to her. "Can I give you a lift?" "No, thank you. I'm only going to my Grandmother's, two blocks over and one to the left."

Inspiration. Wolf hops into car and speeds away. Speeding down one block. Speeding down another block. Speeding one block to left. Draws up in front of Grand-

mother's house. Looks up street. Looks down street. Looks down alley and signals. Two thugs appear. Together they mount the steps to Grandmother's house and ring the bell. Grandmother opens door and is set upon by thugs. They bind and gag her and throw her down the dumbwaiter. "Now for the young one!"

The Wolf puts on the Grandmother's boudoir cap and kimono and gets into bed. (Can be changed by censorship board to davenport without interfering with story.) "And now, as the day draws toward its close, Little Red Riding-Hood, all unsuspecting, enters into the trap laid for her by the cruelest of all beasts of the wood, Lupo the Wolf."

Little Red Riding-Hood comes down the street. Looks inquiringly at the numbers on the doors. Discovers Grandma's number and registers "Eureka!" Trips gayly up the steps and rings the bell. Door opened by thug disguised as maid. "Your Grandmama is waiting for you, Missy."

She enters Grandmother's room. Registers surprise at seeing Grandmother with waxed mustache. Looks apprehensively around the room.

"Why the Wilton Lackaye make-up, Grandmama?"

"The better to lure you with, my dear."

Somewhat reassured, she draws near the bed (or davenport) and offers Wolf a stuffed olive. He leaps up and throws off the boudoir cap and stands leering at Little Red Riding-Hood. "The Beast Shows His True Colors."

Little Red Riding-Hood picks up a lamp from the table and throws it at Wolf. He chases her around the table, knocking over the telephone and throwing the receiver off the hook. Close-up of telephone on floor.

"At the Central Exchange." Close-up of central dozing at switchboard. Signal flashes. "Number, please?" No answer. Central registers, "What is this I am hear-

ing over the wire? A man chasing a beautiful girl around a table!" Plugs in for police connection.

"At the Station House." Close-up of sergeant dozing at desk. Answers telephone languidly. Sudden interest at message. Calls in four officers and gives hurried instructions.

Back at Grandmother's house. Wolf and L. R. R. H. struggling in front hall. Thug disguised as maid rushes in and grabs her from behind.

Policemen speeding up street in automobile.

Back at Grandma's. Second thug rushes in and grabs her from the side.

Policemen speeding over one block to left. Draw up in front of house and rush up steps, battering in the door.

Arrest of Wolf and two thugs. Rescue of Grandma from dumbwaiter shaft. Love at first sight between Little Red Riding-Hood and youngest policeman. Clinch.

JACK AND JILL

Cast

Jack.....	Fatty Arbuckle
Jill	Mabel Normand
Jack's Employer	Frank Keenan
Jill's Employer.....	Pearl White
Policeman	Smiling Bill Parsons

Jack starts out from the country store with a pail for some water. Comic storekeeper shakes fist at him.

Jill starts out from farmhouse with pail for water. Comic mistress shakes fist at her.

Jack and Jill meet at corner. "Love's Young Dream." Business of flirtation. They walk up hill together, swinging pails. Reach top and see fat policeman leaning over edge of well. Jack pushes him in.

They let down their buckets, bringing up policeman's shoe, then his hat, then his trousers, finally his false teeth. They fill their pails with water and stand with their backs to the well, laughing immoderately.

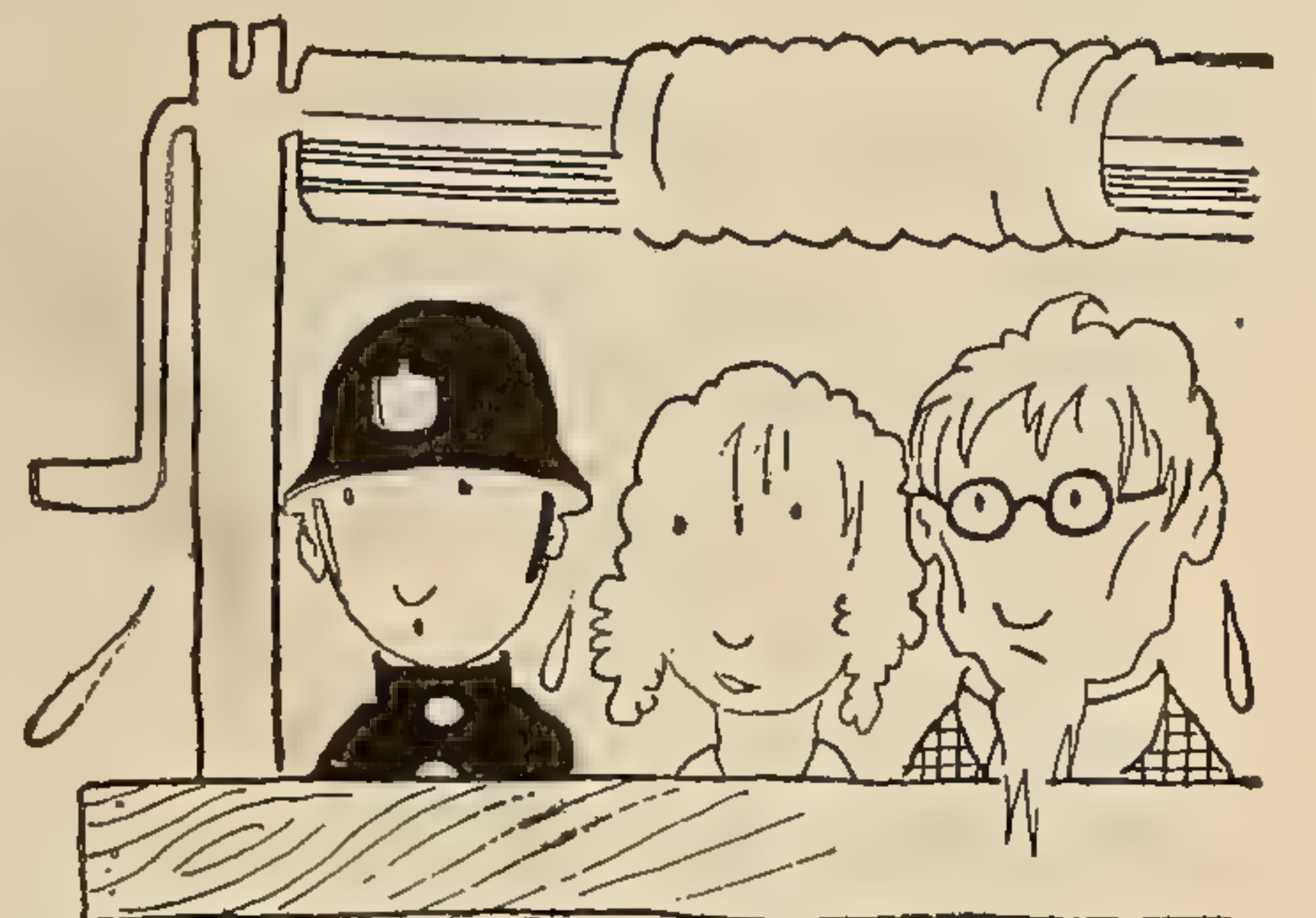
Head of policeman appears over top of well. Comic storekeeper and

comic mistress come up the other slope of the hill, registering impatience. See policeman's head, and storekeeper throws chunk of sod at it, knocking it down well again. Storekeeper and mistress run to look over edge. Jack sees them and registers roguish intention. Crawls up behind them and pushes them in.

Jack and Jill stand laughing with their backs to the well. Three heads appear over the top, blowing water. Jack turns, startled. Starts to run and falls on head, rolling down hill. Jill trips over him and rolls down after him. Policeman, storekeeper and mistress hop out of well and start chasing down the hill, policeman tripping over Jill, storekeeper over policeman, and mistress over storekeeper. All roll down hill and into pond at the foot.

Jack and Jill appear, dripping, but embracing. The rest appear dripping and shaking their fists.

Fade-out of Jack and Jill in embrace.



Three heads appear over the top, blowing water. Jack turns, startled. Starts to run and falls on head, rolling down hill. Jill trips over him and rolls down after him.





PARAMOUNT

THE GENTLE ART OF STRANGLING A WIFE

Some men are born stranglers, others achieve the knack after long practice. Here, Warner Oland is showing his skill at the art, George Fitzmaurice, director, is egging him on, but Wyndham Standing does not believe he has the idea at all; says he isn't brutal enough. Elsie Ferguson, the victim, is the only one who isn't interested.

No Courting Aloud

The semi-darkness of the movies and the atmosphere of romance produced by the scenes upon the screen have led to many a whispered word of love. Now comes the appalling news that one of the Chicago motion picture theaters has been equipped with loud-speaking telephones, transmitters being distributed so that the manager in his office can hear patrons' comments on the pictures shown.

The statement as given out by the press does not say whether there is an automatic attachment permitting the manager to hear only what pertains to the pictures. Until this attachment is obtained and its constant use guaranteed, those desiring to court will have to confine their expressions of affection to handclasps and soulful glances.

Not a Travelogue

A film gathered before his eyes, but he didn't have any difficulty in seeing, because — well, it was a film showing Mack Sennett's bathing girls.

Reel Two

"What's the star so mad about?"

"During the cafe scene he forgot himself and tipped the waiter with real money."



Looking at this picture of Olive Thomas, you might imagine she thought she had a pretty pair of arms. Very likely, you'd be right.

Dangerous Business

One of the many films purporting to show actual scenes of combat in the recent world-wide war in Europe has on its display posters the following phrase: "Photographed at the Risk of Life."

After sitting through an hour and a half of it, one feels apprehensive of the safety of the manager of the show, who thus plays upon the patience of the long-suffering but oft-times uprising public, and one feels that this addition to the poster might be appropriate: "And Displayed at the Further Risk of Life, also Limb, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Dreadful Threat

"Late again!" cried the irate moving picture director to the members of his company. "Do you actors think that you can stroll into the studio at half-past ten every morning and get away with it? This isn't a national bank. But, by humphrey! I'll get even with you! To-morrow we start filming that Alpine drama with the fog and cloud effects. Report at the old quarry at 4:30 a.m. You are all going to be shot at sunrise every morning for a week." Being shot at sunrise is harder hardship for a movie actor than it is for a prisoner of war.

"The Crimson Gardenia," a Rex Beach Thriller



1. "The Gardenia" convinces Madelon that the man wearing it is her cousin. Fete costumes for everybody.



2. The wearer of the gardenia is taken by the counterfeiters to be a Secret Service man.



3. The counterfeiters discover that the man they have killed is one of their number.

Down to Brass Tacks

Roland Van Dam, because of a gardenia he wears, is mistaken by Madelon Dorette (Heda Nova) for her cousin, whom she had never seen, at a New Orleans fete. The flower is mere chance in the case of Roland, but it was the mark by which Madelon was to know her cousin Emile, one of a band of counterfeiters. The latter set upon Roland, likewise mistaking him for Emile, and finding their error, kill Emile, believing he betrayed them to the Secret Service. The girl is told by the gang that Roland caused her cousin's death, so she entices the man she had begun to love to their den, where quick (movie) thinking saves him. Unhooking a telephone receiver, Roland permits the talk to be heard by Central, who puts the police on the trail.



4. Madelon is used to lure Roland to the gang's den, she believing he killed her cousin.



GOLDWYN

5. The exceptionally intelligent telephone operator overhears the den conversation and gives the alarm to the police.



6. The real Secret Service men come in the nick of time to save Roland from a finish that would have been no counterfeit.

"Deliverance"—Helen Keller's Message to



"Soldiers of Democracy. Ten million dead, and other millions that survived as these, one blind, one maimed, to save civilization! Can the world ever repay the debt?"



*This win
Helen Kel
of the mor
in her du*

Helen Keller makes a flight three thousand feet for her picture. "A symbol of deliverance!" she exclaims.



"In the Land of Romance." Herbert Heyes as the Great Lover, and Ann Mason as Miss Keller.



Helen Keller with her two little stars, Etna Ross and Tula Bell, the principal players in Act I, "Childhood." Etna Ross impersonates the child Helen.



Helen with her mother and aviator

(A short story of the p

Mankind Conveyed by a Thrilling Drama

*The rebel is
conception
physical self
personality.*



Helen Keller, a modern Joan d'Arc, leads the struggling peoples of the world to Deliverance. A thrilling climax.



Phillips Brooks Keller, in the aerial service, and Mrs. Kate Adams Keller, her brother and mother, with Helen Keller. A dramatic moment in the picture.



Helen Keller giving expression to her belief that music lends wings to the soul so it may fly at will from any prisonhouse of pain to freedom.



her with whom she made her flight.

will be found on page 22.)



The powers of love and hate, which fought for possession of the soul of the child Helen.

"THERE is a story going the rounds that it was through vibration that Helen Keller was able to follow my direction in playing the exacting and at times difficult role required of her in 'Deliverance.' It is stated that a code which I tapped with my feet was grasped as it were intuitively by her and translated by her into the necessary action."

It was thus that George Foster Platt, who directed Miss Keller in this thrilling dramatization of her life and achievement, began his story of the production and the steps in its making.

"That is all very interesting," he continued, "and I admired the ingenuity with which that point, so likely to appeal to readers, was played up. But it was as far as possible from the facts, and I mention this first of all, because from the very beginning up to the present time—and it is now a year since I became identified with the undertaking—there has been nothing even remotely suggesting the supernatural. To regard it as other than an intensely interesting drama of natural processes of development would rob its message of all meaning.

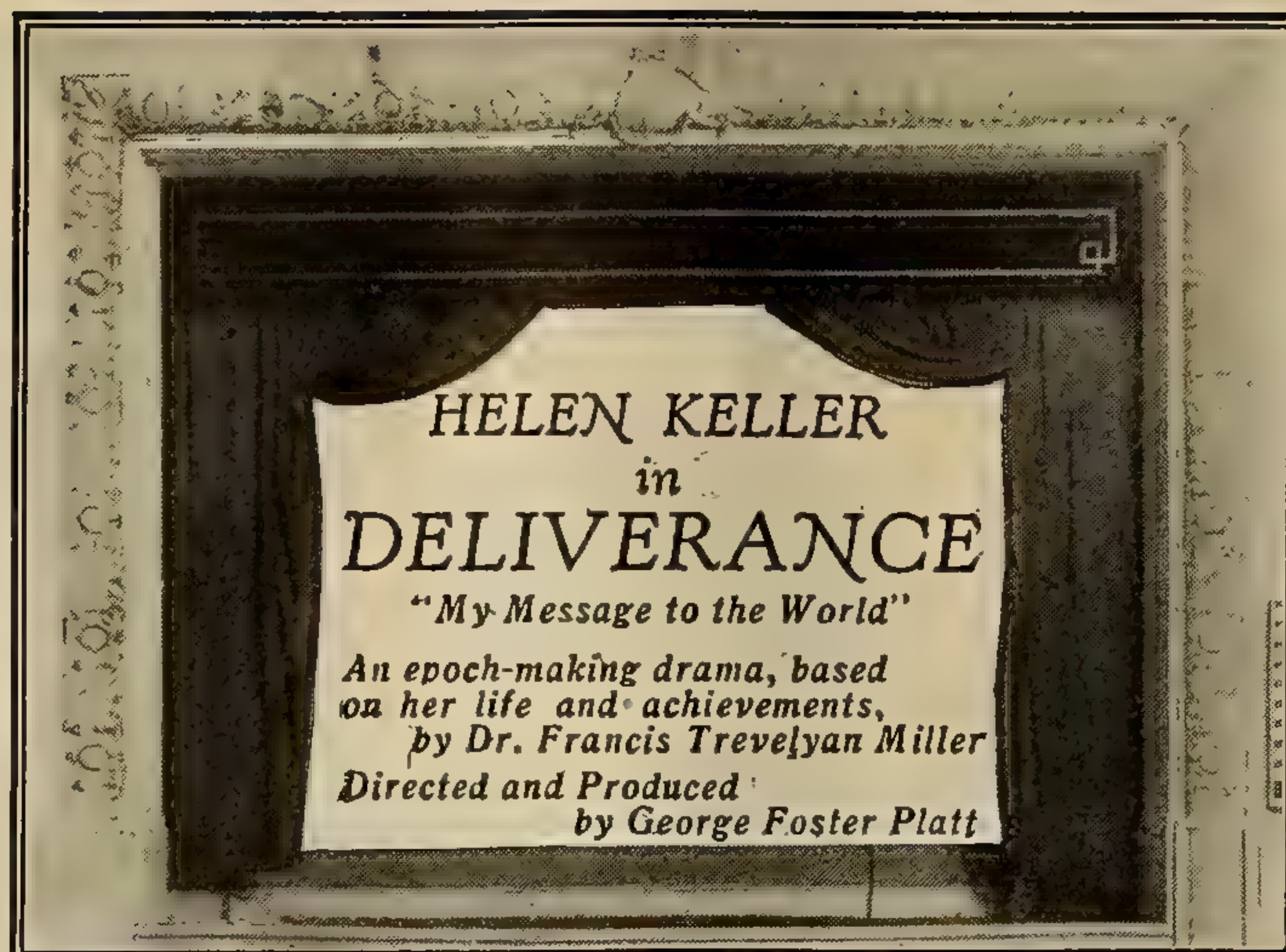
"The story is the life of Helen Keller. The message is that there is no hindrance which cannot be overcome, no obstacle that can halt for long the progress of one who truly seeks the light.

"Reduced to story form and with the scenes arranged quite in the ordinary way, we proceeded somewhat as follows: First, the action was studied carefully. What it required was conveyed to Miss Keller by the methods to which she is accustomed—either spelled in the sign language on her palm or read by her placing her fingertips on the lips of the speaker. She is an adept in both, her comprehension quick and keen, and she talks easily and readily.

"Having mastered a scene, it was rehearsed, several times perhaps. Then, of course, when it came to staging the action before the camera, some means for conveying the cues to a principal player, deprived of both sight and hearing, had to be devised, and the tapping with the foot served admirably.

"So, you see, the story of the vibrations is all right when you put it in the right place.

"The principal players are Helen Keller, her



mother, her brother, Phillips Brooks Keller, and Mrs. Macy, who has been her teacher and constant companion for thirty-two years. Her marvel of devotion, depth of understanding, of patience, and wealth of love that have never failed or faltered from the time Mrs. Macy's task was undertaken in Helen Keller's childhood, cannot be told in words. She was Miss Sullivan then, and herself blind for seventeen years, but she has since overcome this

affliction to the extent that she now has her sight.

"Other players were needed, of course. The child Helen is impersonated by Etna Ross, and the tense moment when she rises from her teacher's knee and speaks her first sentence, 'I am not dumb now,' marks the coming of the soul into possession of its own.

"The drama is in three acts—childhood, maidenhood and womanhood. The maiden Helen is impersonated by Ann Mason, and the Radcliffe College life, with its trials and triumphs, leads logically to the conclusions arrived at in the last act.

"The keenest interest will center on the third act, in which throughout Helen Keller herself is seen as a Red Cross nurse, as comrade to the unfortunate, as an aviator, as leader in the onward sweep of the peoples of the earth, and, best of all, as the woman of wide spiritual vision, who has found an answer to the great problems of life that trouble us all. The demons within have to yield to control; the monsters of selfishness and greed that trouble from without have to be overcome; love opens the gate and leads the way. This is the message which she offers for the use of her fellows.

"It may be of interest to know that Miss Keller considered propositions made to her at different times to publish the message through the medium of the stage, as a drama or in musical setting. She chose the screen, partly because it seemed best adapted to her limitations, but principally because of the greater audience that could be reached in this way."



Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan Macy.

Will we heed the message? Perhaps. We will ponder, surely, for this drama of real people who "have vanquished the demon that tempts us within" is vividly interesting and rich in happy thoughts.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



The Queen of Hearts : or, Make the Punishment Fit the Crime

Will You Lunch With Mary Pickford?



Gorging herself on a lettuce sandwich, prepared by Mother Pickford's own hands.

WHEN the clock strikes the witching hour of noon at the Mary Pickford studio, does the dainty little star sit down in the privacy of her rose and gold dressing-room and dally with a six-course luncheon served by a flunky resplendent in gold buttons and braid? She does—not!

Mary is a human dynamo of energy, and her lunch hour is her time for holding a court reception for the studio staff and wrestling with the knotty details of producing her own pictures.

She eats lunch in whatever set she happens to be working in at the time. It may be a tenement house or the foyer of a theater or the reception room of a dentist's office, and from all the menu of goodies prepared by Mother

Pickford's own hands, Mary gorges herself—by munching a lettuce sandwich and sipping a cup of chocolate!

At the luncheon hour Mary may sometimes be found surrounded by her secretary, who talks about the morning's mail, her modiste, who displays sketches for frocks to be worn in the ensuing scenes, her scenario writer, who brings out a book for the star's perusal, and her director of publicity, who wants to know about pictures, interviews and personal appearances.

When the company is out on location, Mary usually manages to get outside of a bottle of milk, a lettuce sandwich and an apple. No wonder that she merely flicks the scales at a hundred pounds! Ladies who have wished to look like Mary Pickford, have you ever tried this diet?

Frenzied, But Not Financial

The mild-mannered man with the washed-out blue eyes wanted a job. "What was your last position?" asked the manager of the Slapdash Philm Company.

"I was a dummy director."

"Good heavens, man, this isn't the financial department! And I don't believe this concern needs any such article."

"You don't understand," rebuked the man softly. "I had charge of those dummies that they throw out of third-story windows and put under express trains."

Those Bathing Girls

Moving Picture Director (showing an English friend around the plant)—After taking the pictures, the film is run through a bath containing the photographic developer.

Englishman—I say, old man, you should have seen the jolly film I saw lawst evening! They must have run the bally thing through a bath before developing.

Cause for Pride

"Have you ever met that motion picture actor?"

"No; but I know his valet's secretary."

Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul"



1. Gloria's feeling of pity for the blind soldier; Judge Malvin, seemingly, not sharing it.



2. Pity is kin to love; Gloria reads to Larry and takes him for wheel-chair outings.



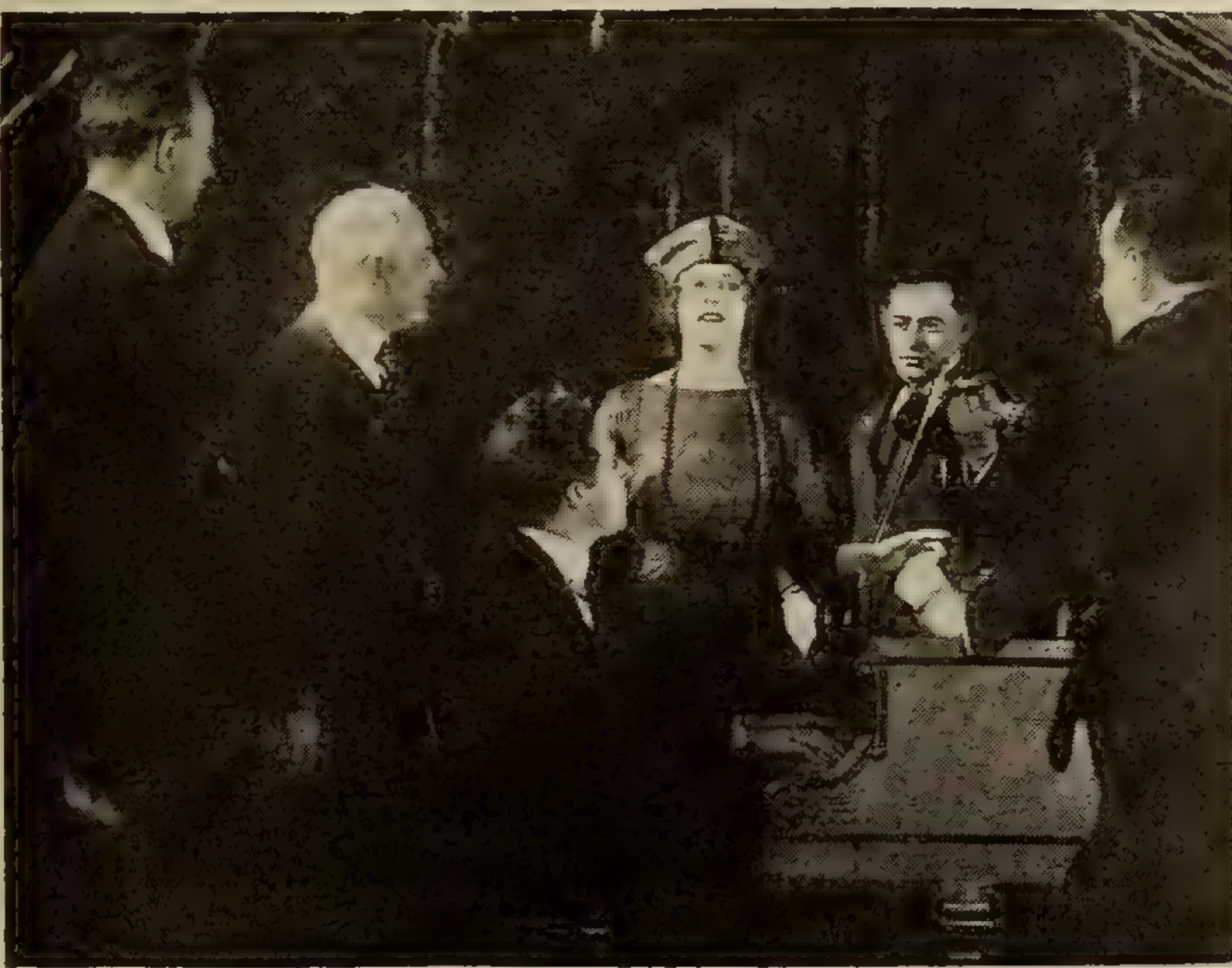
3. She is moved by evidence of the affection which young and old have for "the blind wreck."

The Story in Outline

Gloria Swann (Elsie Ferguson), while in Judge Malvin's auto, nearly runs down Larry Gibson, a blind soldier, in his wheel chair. The two meet frequently thereafter, and Gloria falls in love with him. Judge Malvin, loving Gloria, alludes to her soldier as "the blind wreck," but the girl is not to be won over. When Larry's finances get low, Gloria takes some songs he has written to a music publisher, and later, being herself a cabaret singer, gets a hearing for them at the Palm Garden. The songs make a hit, and Larry signs a contract with the publisher. Instead of starting life with Judge Malvin in a mansion, Gloria begins it with Larry in a boarding house. Both are happy. Larry is reconciled to the loss of his sight, for he sees through "the eyes of the soul."



4. Larry singing his soldier songs to the kiddies. Gloria has an inspiration. Judge Malvin, a grouch.



5. Gloria gives Larry's songs a private "try-out" before the music publishers and the proprietors of the Palm Garden where she sings.



6. The introduction of Larry's songs to the Palm Garden public is just as successful as the private "try-out." The lady in the spotlight is Gloria.

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

The "Low-down" on the Movies

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

"IF you want to get the 'low-down' on the movies," said my knowing friend, "don't ask exhibitors or high-brow fans; get your dope from the fellow on the street. Ask the newsboys!"

After it had been duly explained to me that "the low-down" had nothing to do with "roughneck," but meant merely the straight and simple facts concerning a proposition, it occurred to me that even a press agent might tell the truth—once; so into the busy marts of Los Angeles I plunged, to gather unto myself a group of urchins of the genus newsie, to obtain from them a "different" angle on the movie favorites, the best sellers among pictures and the future of the screen.

The gang that I had picked by hand filed into my office, and the youngsters, ranging in age from seven to twelve, seated themselves in a prim row on the couch, uncomfortably silent, until some pieces of candy, judiciously distributed, loosened the tension.

"I seen Jul'an Eltinge in a pitcher yisterday," remarked Micky, who is twelve, sophisticated and Irish. "He's de guy what plays women's parts; but, say, dat bo couldn't fool me in de dark wid de light behind him!"

"Aw, git out!" scorned Abie, whose nose turns down as much as Micky's tilts up. "I seen him, too, and when he's dressed up in skoits, youse ud t'ink he was a dame, sure!"

"I would not!" contradicted Micky vehemently. "Say, in dat pitcher he needed a shave s'bad dat his face scratched de screen!"

"Ah-h!" sneered Abie.

"Ah-h, yerself!" retorted Micky, making a pass at his coat sleeve.

"Just a moment!" I said hastily, passing the candy again. "Who is your favorite movie actor, and why?"

There was an instant's silence, then a babble of voices, shrill from street work, confusedly and insistently shouted their favorites.

"Cha'lie Chaplin!" "Mary Pickford!" "Bill



Micky, who is twelve and sophisticated.

Hart!" "Cha'lie Chaplin's de best of 'em all!" "Aw, git out! He hasn't a look-in wid Doug Fairbanks!" "Bill Hart kin put it over all of 'em!" "Chase yer-self! What about William Desmond!" "Listen here! They ain't none of 'em as good as dat Jap acter!" "Beat it! I say Cha'lie Chaplin!" "Fergit it! Fatty Arbuckle's funnier!" "Aw, g'wan! Youse guys is bugs if ya don't like Bill Hart!" "Say, he can't climb a house, kin he? Well, Doug"—"Ya poor fish, d'ja ever see Chaplin walk? Well"—"Aw, dry up!" "Aw"—

It seemed time to interfere, and I did—with another round of candy. When the din had died down, I broached, very gently, the subject of feminine screen favorites, stipulating that the choice be given in solo instead of in chorus form.

"I like Mary Pickford," spoke up Alec, whose face is a collection of choice freckles. "She's a good actor, and she has a lot of adopted sons in the army. My uncle's in the army. He had a dog and he was hit in the leg in France and he was a tailor and he's going to make me a khaki hat and some pants. I gotta brother in the army, too—he ain't my real brother—my sister married him—he"—

"We were discussing Mary Pickford," I broke in gently; but before he could speak, Eddie interrupted with:

"Say, Gladys Brockwell kin draw circles around all dat bunch fer acting. Didja see her in 'Culter'?"

"'Culter'?" I echoed. "I don't think"—

"Sure! 'K-u-l-t-u-r,' Culter. She falls fer dis guy, but she throws money in his face when he sees her in dis cafee, and he gits out of a secret door and he rescues her and she won't go wid him and he shoots de man and dey shoot her. It's a swell pitcher!"

From the description, I'd say it was.

"I like dat little goil about so high"—Abie specified with his hand two feet from the floor—



Get your "dope" from the fellows on the street; ask the newsboys.

Saturday Night Tubs—Two Kinds



UNIVERSAL

Making good a bluff that she is a celebrated dancer, Mae Murray, in "A Delicious Little Devil," is installed in the dancer's quarters. This is her private pool, while below—

"you know who she is, doncha? She has two sisters and a dog and a blue machine."

I confessed that I could not identify the young lady, but Micky helped me out.

"He means Baby Marie Osborn," he said. "But say, I like 'em grown up; I don't give a whoop fer dese here kid actors. I tell you who I like—dat woman who's about eighty years old and takes girl parts—she ain't no chicken—but, believe me, she kin act!"

I tactfully ignored the reference, and Louie, the youngest of the crowd, broke in with his contribution.

"I seen Lillian Gish and Bill Hart play one night"—

"Betcha didn't!" jeered Eddie. "Dey don't play t'gether!"

"Betcha I did!" stoutly defended Louie. "I seen 'em de same night—



—Is the private pool to which she had formerly been accustomed.

in different t'eaters! Say, is Bill Hart married?" he appealed suddenly to me.

"Not yet," I told him. "At least, I haven't heard of it."

"Well, I guess he is, all right," Louie insisted. "Yeah, I *know* he is! I seen him in de pitcher and he wuz after dese Mexicans and de lady was held by a woman wid a knife at her neck and dey tried t' stop him and he shot 'em and dey were shut up in a cellar and she shot him and he jumped on his horse from a wall and got her away wid him and he shot 'em and he married her—it showed it in de pitcher!"

There was a loud and raucous chorus of: "Ah-h, ya poor rummy, dat ain't *real*!" "Where'ja git dat stuff?" "Doncha know *actin'* when ya see it?"

And high above the scoffing rose Louie's voice, shrilly and passionately.

(Continued on page 36)

How To Tell the Villain from the Hero

By Helen Rockwell

IT is quite a simple task to tell the hero from the villain in the movies once you really delve *deep* into the subject. One of the most satisfactory methods used is a close examination of the hair. While the hero's is often brown, red, gray, black or nil (if the hero has no hair, you know the picture's a comedy), the villain's must be sleek and black. If both the hero and villain have black hair, note carefully which one will be wearing a cap in youthful contrast to a derby or silk hat worn by the other. The cap is a sign of cleanliness of purpose as well as of youth, and is worn by the hero. The cap also denotes jauntness. Villains are never jaunty. They may be anticipatory at times, but jauntness is proof of a clean conscience.

Did you ever see a villain sit on a table and swing his legs? Of course not! That is a sure way of distinguishing the hero. If he doesn't do this, he will probably assert himself by vaulting over a hedge or out of an automobile. Heroes are given to vaulting, while the eyebrow is the villain's most active and potent force. A well-trained eyebrow can, by a cool lift, show that the hiding place of the papers has been discovered, that the heroine is about to be compromised, or that a best friend is about to be double-crossed. On the other hand, the hero seldom uses the eyebrow, keeping it well under control even when introduced to the heroine for the first time. The motionless eyebrow designates respect and chaste intentions. When the vil-

lain raises his eyebrow, with his hat, upon introduction to the ingenue, you immediately can bet that he doesn't mean right by her.

A villain never has family connections, and he lives by himself, with only one man servant who can let the heroine in when she comes at a compromising hour to plead for her old love letters. Sometimes the man servant suffers a burst of conscience at the finish and shoots the villain through the portiere. This ending is only used when the director can't think of a better way of letting the hero dispose of him. When the servant does revolt,



*The Arbuckle Roadster.
(1919 model.)*



"BILIOUS" AND "DYSPEPSIA"

Stuffed Pathe stars which do such dirty work as falling over cliffs when flesh and blood stars balk.

it's because the villain ruined his daughter years before, and he's been planning revenge ever since. He waits for revenge just long enough to fill five reels.

A hero can have an overflow of relatives—mostly poor—if he wants them. If he does live alone and isn't struggling over an invention or a manuscript in a back hall bedroom, he has an eminently respectable and elderly female housekeeper, who has been in the family for years and no doubt nursed him as a baby.

Then, when the heroine has an automobile accident outside the hero's door, and you see a close-up of her with her head hanging becomingly upside down with hair nicely disarranged, you know she's still safe as a babe.

Single villains are slim and inclined toward tiny mustaches, but married ones are thickset and bulldoggy. At times when business claims the married ones to the extent they don't notice their wife's infatuation for young Dick Frothingham, they are degenerately fat. This would make him sufficiently hateful, even if he hadn't forgotten that this was his wife's wedding anniversary. Even a villain, when married, loses some of his aplomb and isn't as vicious as a single one. Single ones commit the most atrocious crimes, which consist of ruining the ingenue with curls in different ways. Married villains never do anything more alarming than bursting into their wife's bedroom when intoxicated or standing in the way of her marrying the hero with the close-up lolling before the open fire.

Once you get onto the thing, it's an easy matter and you can't go wrong. And it makes watching the movies so much more restful and compact, as it were! It's like taking a bouillon cube for your luncheon. You know beforehand just how good it is for you and how it's going to taste. And it saves so much time!

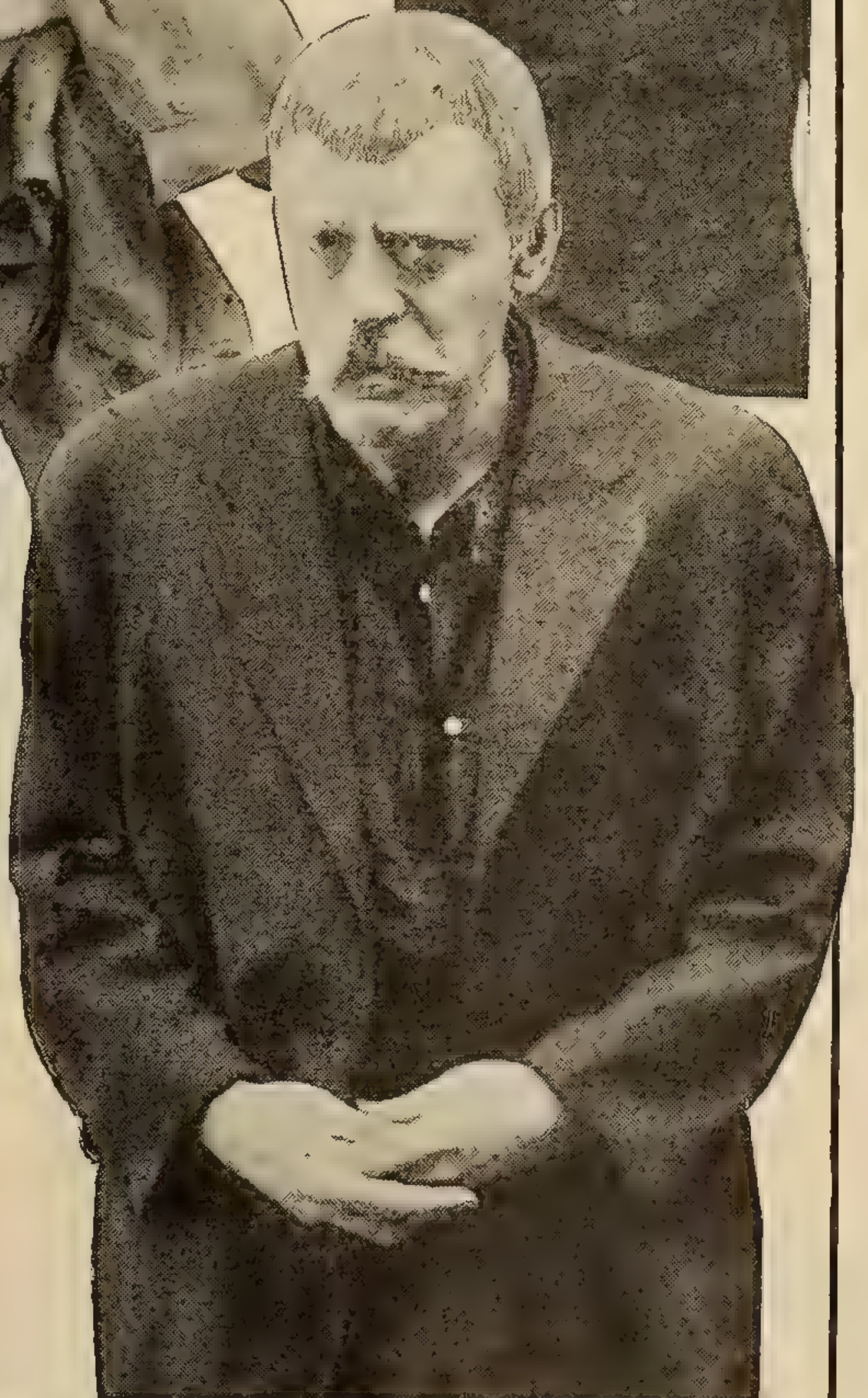
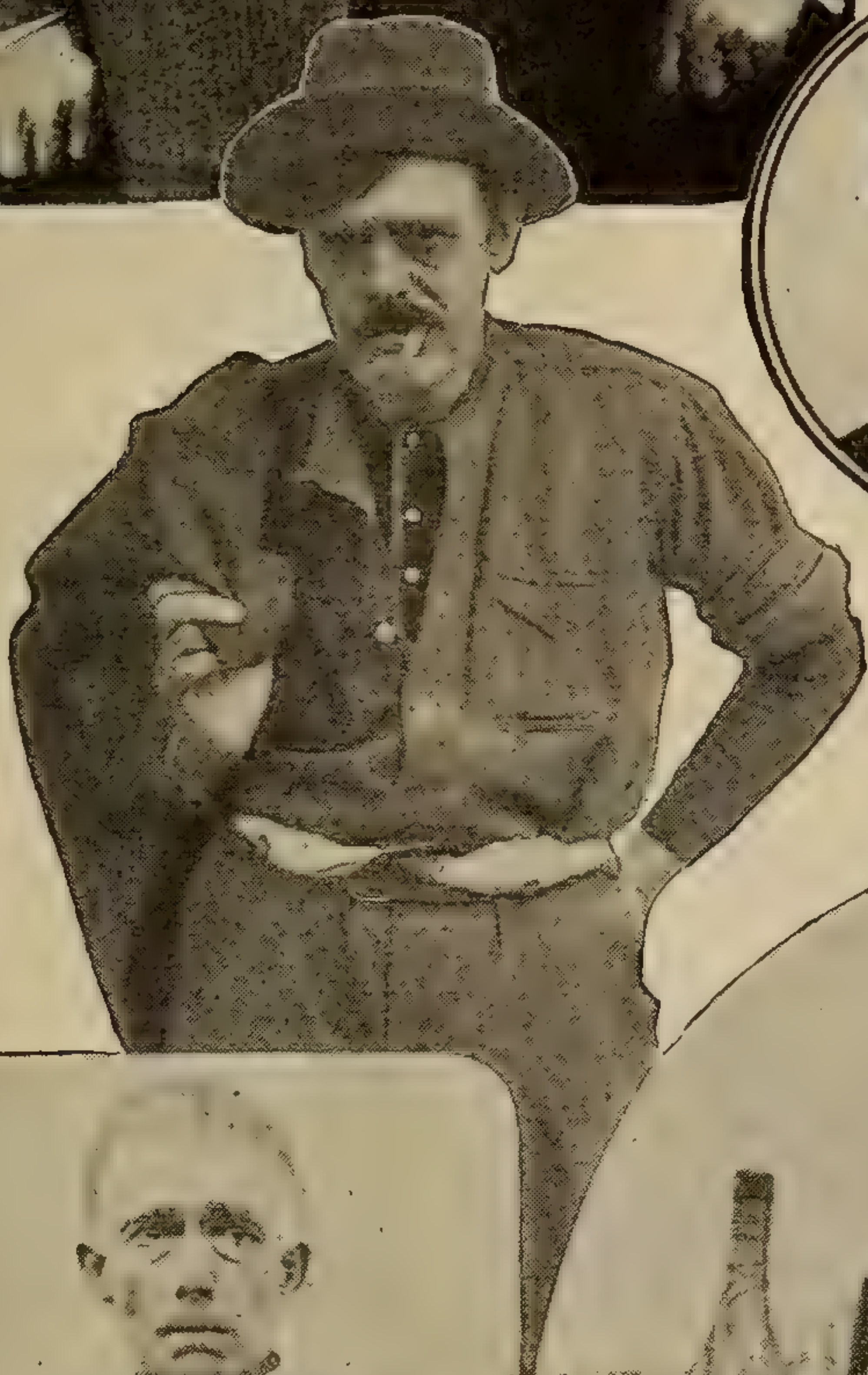
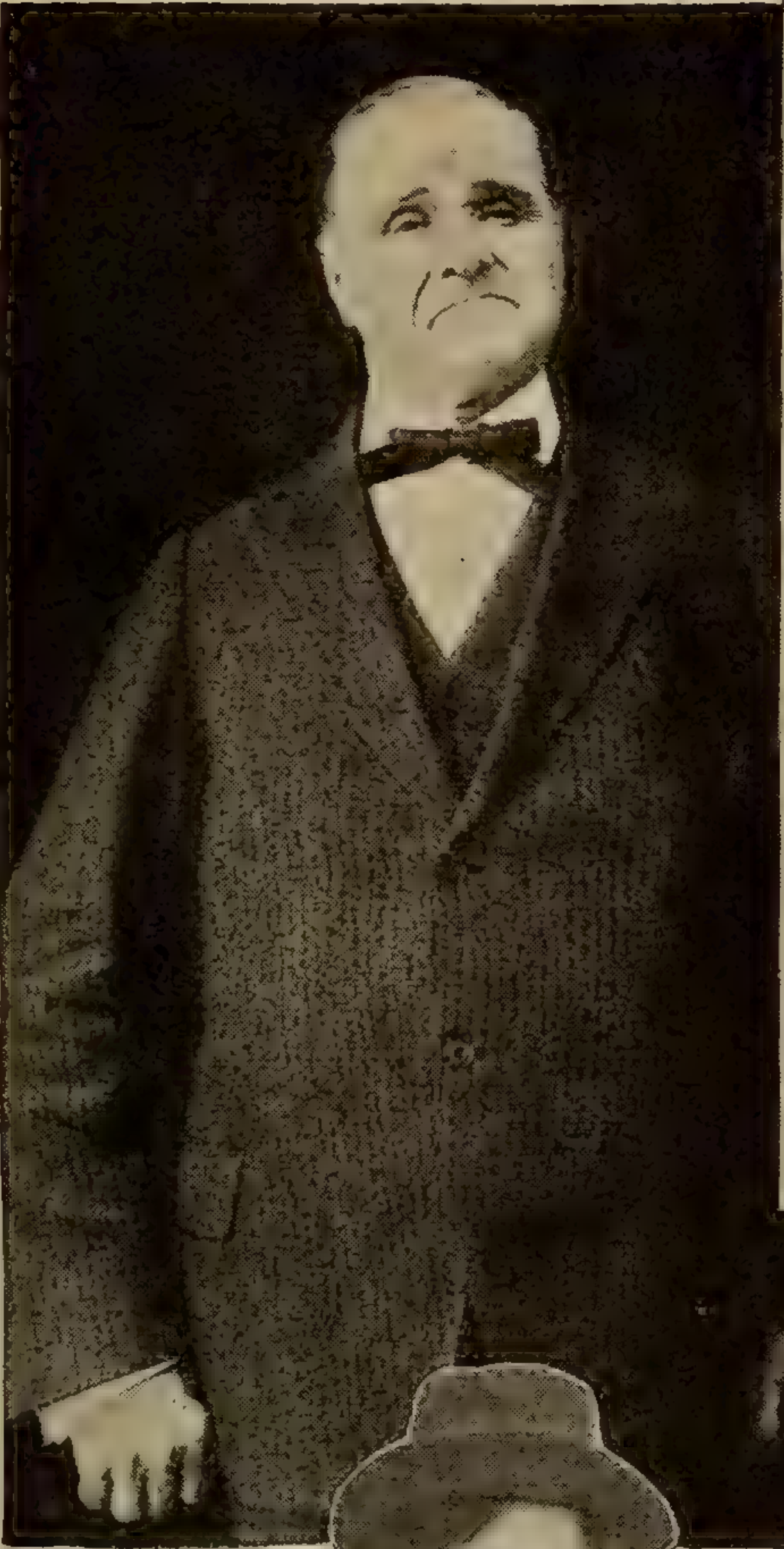
The Movie Extra

By Harold Seton

I WANDER here, I wander there—
For dollars five a day!
In fact, I wander ev'rywhere—
For dollars five a day!
Made up like someone young or old,
Arrayed for weather hot or cold,
I humbly beg or crossly scold—
For dollars five a day!

I am a banker or a tramp—
For dollars five a day!
I am a hero or a scamp—
For dollars five a day!
I draw a sketch or write a book,
I am a waiter or a cook,
I am a copper or a crook—
For dollars five a day!

I tend a farm or live in town—
For dollars five a day!
I am 'way up or else 'way down—
For dollars five a day!
I walk or ride, I sell or buy,
I eat or drink, I laugh or cry,
I work or play, I live or die—
For dollars five a day!



Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.

MARY PICKFORD has a car that she chooses to call a "flivver," although it is distinctly not in that class at all, being one of those high-brow Cadillac Sixes or Sevens or something. Anyway, it's a roadster, and Mary drives it herself, and Mother Pickford thinks so little of her daughter's chauffing that she always stipulates that Mary must call her up every time she arrives where she has set out to go and report herself intact.

Mary says the real aristocrats of the Pickford automobile family are the imported cars owned by Jack and Lottie, and her "flivver" is the poor relation and has to stand outside the garage in the night dews, while the other two are comfortable and sheltered.

"Lottie and Jack have high-sounding names for their cars," says Mary, "but I call mine Job—just plain Job. Why? Oh, because he has so many boils!"

CHARLES RAY, in his moments of leisure, takes to the water—to be in the swim, as an audacious press agent might put it. Charles is an expert in aquatic feats, and it is hinted that one of his later pictures will give him an opportunity to display his talents in this respect.

ENID BENNETT'S pet fad is the collecting of animals. She has several dogs, a parrot, a canary, a Catalina mountain goat, and the latest acquisition to her menagerie is a small wild cat, which was brought to her from South America by a sailor fan.

The wild cat, in spite of its lack of Puritanism, has been christened Prudence, and that name, says Miss Bennett, ought to domesticate even a wild cat!

MARGARITA FISHER, of the bronze-gold hair and smoke-gray eyes, has mastered almost every out-of-door sport on the calendar, but the gentle art of bicycle riding has been beyond her. Now her education is being taken in hand by her young niece, Catherine Fisher, aged

12 (affectionately called Kathy by her lovely aunt), and Kathy is showing Aunt Margarita just how it is done. Auntie M. is getting along fairly well, but has discontinued the practicing except at the studio. The other evening Kathy insisted that the lesson take place out in front of the Fisher residence, and Margarita, having more confidence than skill, consented to try and ride the bicycle the length of the block. A regular "comedy" spill took place, with Margarita underneath the bicycle, Friend Niece standing by shrilly inquiring why she hadn't put the coast brake on, Mother Fisher inquiring from the porch if she

was hurt, and a score of interested bystanders who gathered round scenting a "movie" scene.

"There is such a thing as too much publicity," says Margarita. "I will finish my cycling education in the privacy of the studio."



Margarita Fisher and Niece Kathy, who taught her to ride a bicycle—almost.

BILL HART, not contented with successfully invading the speaking stage and the silver screen, now turns his attention to becoming an author and has published a book called "Pinto Ben," which is a compilation of stories he and his sister, Mary Hart, have written.

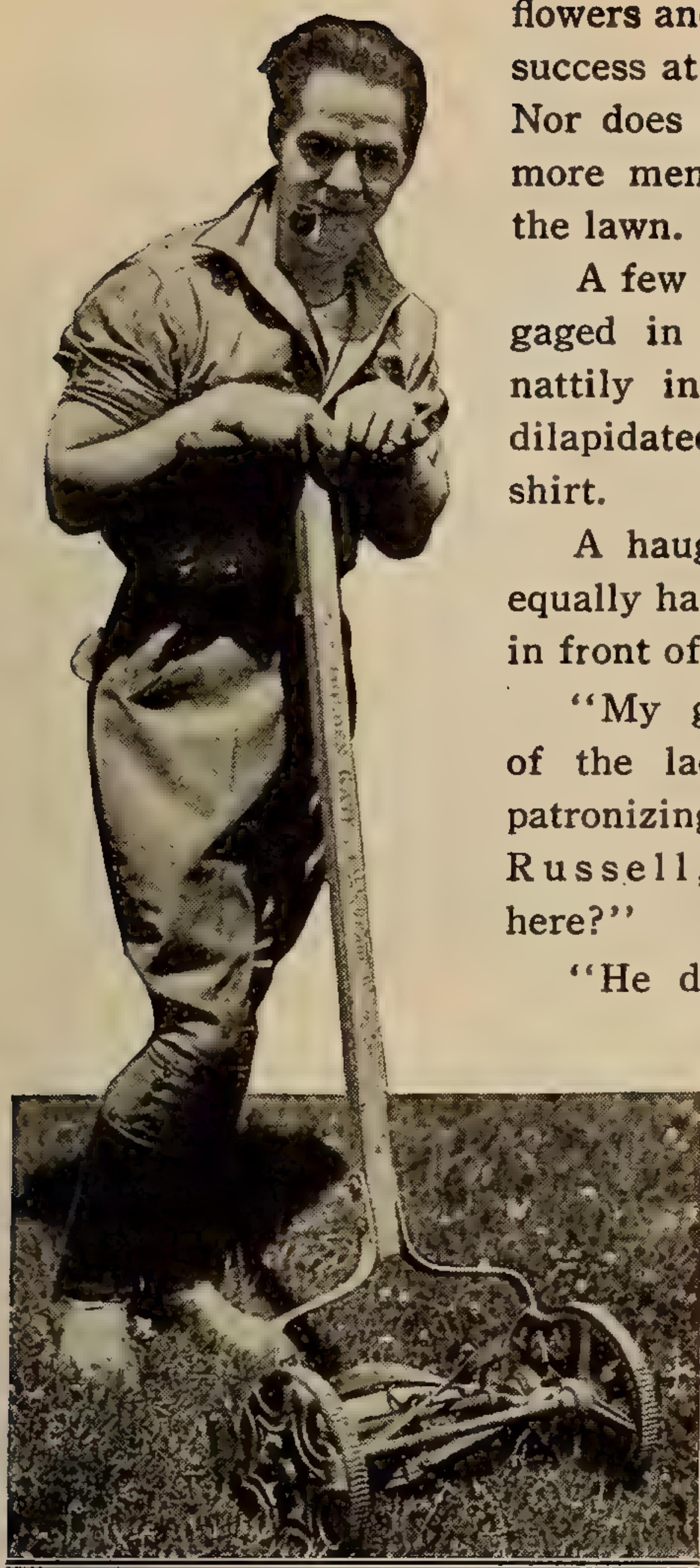
The only other two artistic occupations that he has not taken up, says Mr. Hart, are painting and music.

"I couldn't even paint the town red, with prohibition coming in," he says, "and I never could coax my hair to grow long enough to be a musician!"

BILL RUSSELL, the versatile American film star, has a summer home in Santa Barbara, bounded by a chocolate king's estate on one side, a soap emperor's palace on the other, the ocean in front and a pine woods behind.

His place is called "Las Olas," which means "The Palms," and Bill says that the name applies not only to the ones in the yard, but likewise to those attached to tourists, picture fans and souvenir hounds, who want everything from autographed photos to photographed autos—very flattering, of course, but very expensive!

Bill enjoys "puttering" around the grounds with the



Bill Russell at his favorite job of manicuring the lawn of his Santa Barbara home.

flowers and is very proud of his success at amateur Burbanking. Nor does he disdain to do the more menial labor of mowing the lawn.

A few days ago he was engaged in this pastime, garbed nattily in the latest thing in dilapidated trousers and flannel shirt.

A haughty car, manned by equally haughty tourists, stopped in front of him.

"My good man," said one of the ladies, addressing Bill patronizingly, "does William Russell, the film star, live here?"

"He does," answered Bill, wiping his hot forehead with a hand by no means lily white.

"And where is he at the present time?" the lady went on eagerly.

"Right here, manicuring the lawn," Bill responded, with his most engaging smile.

The lady put

up her lorgnette and surveyed him icily.

"I should like to tell Mr. Russell of your impudence!" she said coldly. "He would certainly discharge you! James, drive on!" And James drove on.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, having completed the last grueling scenes of "Sunnyside," has gone to Catalina Island for a vacation, there to indulge in his favorite pastime of fishing. We may expect that when he returns it will be with a brand-new idea for an aquatic comedy, in which the heroine goldfish will bombard the villainous shark with sponge pies, the swordfish will stage a fencing bout, and the catfish say nasty things about each other.

And think of what the fish will have to say after Charlie has left! "Listen to this man story!" we can imagine an aged tuna saying to his grandfishlets as they gather at his fins. "I had Charlie Chaplin at the pole, and he was a mile long, a half a mile wide — and he got away!"



The movies, it will be observed, have been able to do to Jim Corbett's face what neither Fitz nor Jeffries was able to accomplish.

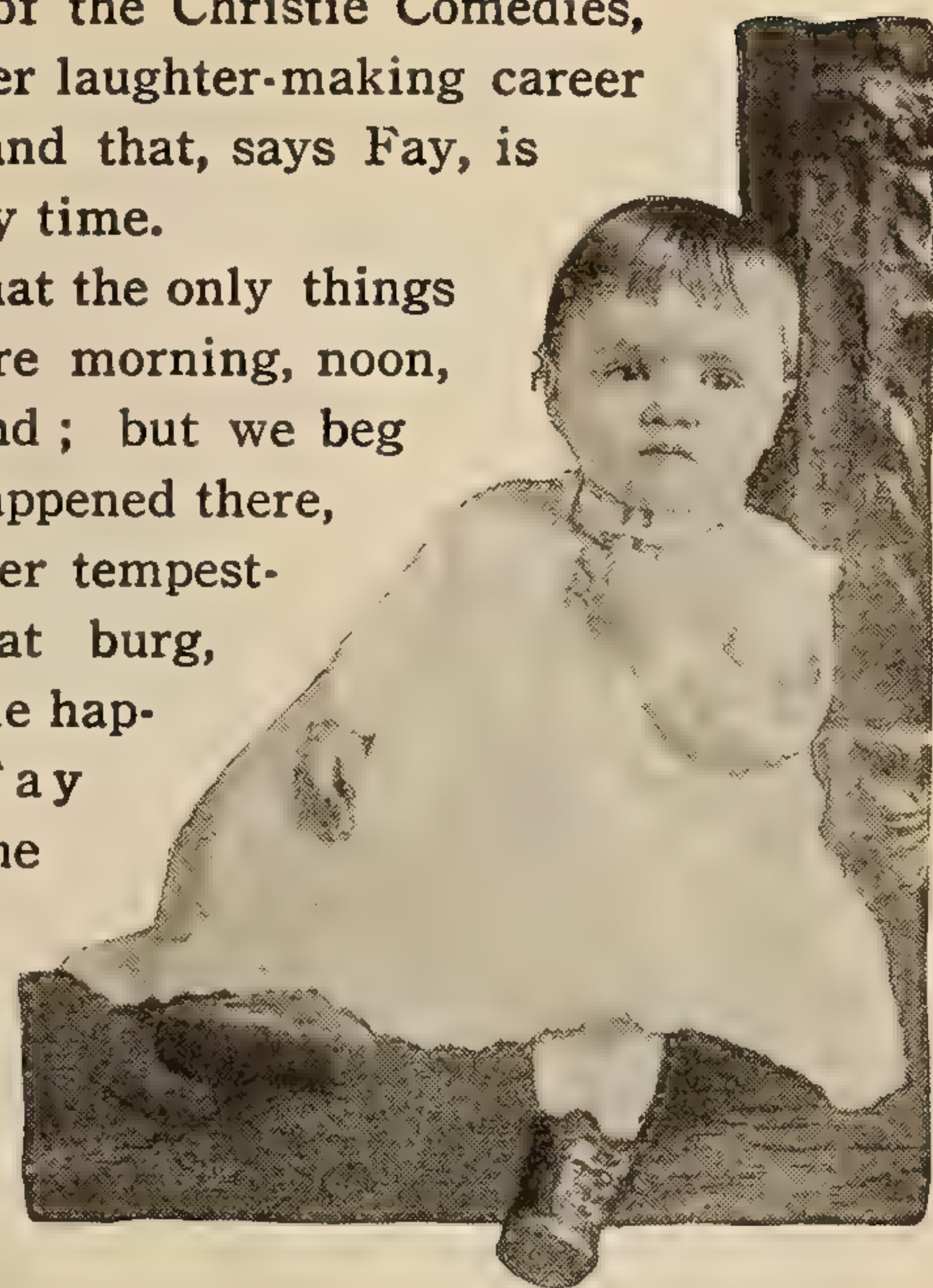
FAY TINCHER, of the Christie Comedies, commenced her laughter-making career in Topeka, Kan., and that, says Fay, is good for a laugh any time.

She maintains that the only things that happen there are morning, noon, night and high wind; but we beg to differ—for Fay happened there, and judging from her tempestuous youth in that burg, there were some little happenings. For Fay wanted to go on the stage, and the family forbade it.

So Fay started a stock company of children and gave plays in the barn, always with Fay as the leading woman, stage manager, ticket

seller and general property man. But once they put on a fire scene that became a real one, the barn burned down, and Father Tinchler said many bitter words about his daughter's talent.

"So I went to New York and started in to be a star," says Fay. "In less than a week I had decided that I didn't want a 'position,' just a plain 'job' would look pretty good, and by the end of a month I was glad to get a job in the chorus. I'd like to say that I went into the movies for artistic reasons, but I didn't. I went in the movies to get three square meals a day!"

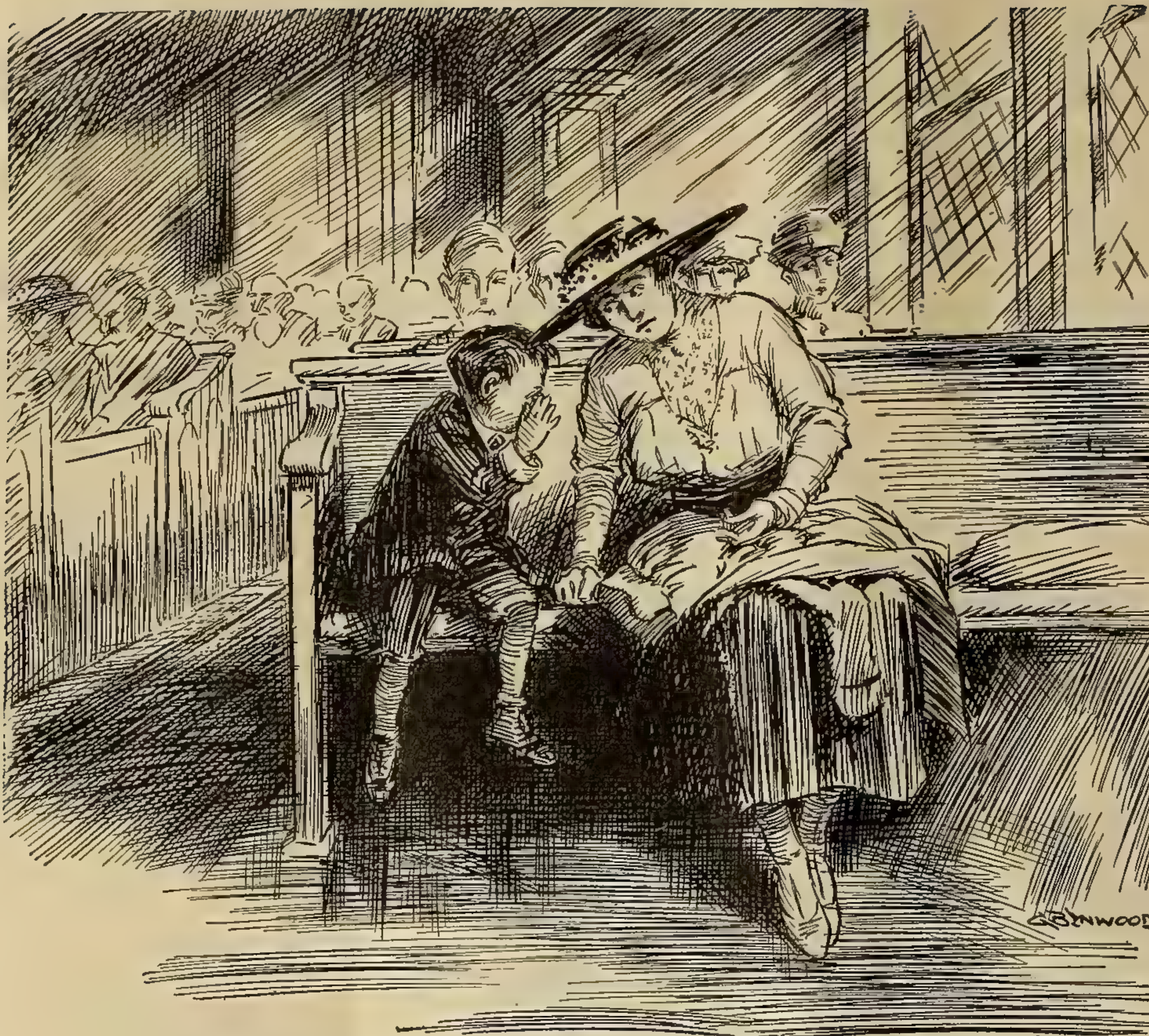


Fay Tinchler, aged fifteen months, shortly before her decision to go on the stage.

GLADYS BROCKWELL, Fox star, has become very much attached to little Nancy Caswell, the five-year-old actress who has been playing with her in "The Call of the Soul." Nancy can't keep her feet still, and whenever music is played on the lot for anyone to "emote" to, Nancy is right there, doing a series of interpretive dances that doesn't help any with the work.

Miss Brockwell has recognized the little girl's talent, and has given her a season ticket for lessons under the personal supervision of Ruth St. Denis.

BILL DUNCAN is a fiend for cigars and smokes constantly when he isn't working. Therefore, a surefire barometer of Bill's activities during the day is the number of long black cigars in his vest pocket at the setting of each day's sun. If the voluminous pocket is empty, then it's been an easy day, with little to do; but if only one or two are gone — well, then, it's been SOME day!



APPRAISING VIRTUE

"'Bout how much does it count towards goin' to heaven, mother, if a fellow feels like sneakin' out and goin' to the movies, but doesn't do it?"

The Encore Fiend in Eclipse

THE inroads of the film on the audiences of the legitimate theater quite naturally lead on to the query:

"What has become of the encore fiend?"

One can imagine how ill at ease this variety of fiend must be in the presence of those silent dramas that go right along, as surely as fate, without an instant's pause. How it must irritate his proud soul not to be able to smite his mighty hands together and call back the performance for an encore at the slightest pretext. For nowadays, though he try his maddest palm smiting, he cannot fetch so much as a single curtain call.

Somehow we cannot help but feel sorry for the encore fiend in these days, much as we used to hate him before the film shows came. He was an honest, hard-working soul, and he blistered his hands in expressing approval of what he looked upon as art. Besides, he exemplified the doctrine of getting a lot for one's money. If he could stretch a two-hour performance to two hours and forty-five minutes, through the mere act of bringing one palm against the other and securing certain dynamic effects thereby, he could not be blamed for feeling that he had extracted the ultimate from his two dollars and had proved himself to be a true economist. He filled his place noisily, but if the legitimate drama does come back, as its devotees prophesy, let us hope the encore fiend does not come with it.

The Magnet

"Jack seems to have become popular very suddenly with all the fellows. What's the reason?"

"A censor friend gave him a lot of film cutouts."

On the Screen

The sheriff'll shoot up a highwayman bold;
An engine will run off the track.
A girl to the wandering Arabs is sold;
The traitor is stabbed from the back.
All sorts of gun play,
"Coming next Sunday."

The bridge will be blown up, enemies tricked;
A submarine dives in the drink.
A villain shows up, a hero is picked;
They fight on the precipice brink.
With much weeps and sorrow,
"Shown here to-morrow."

Precept

Nan—Congratulate me! Bill proposed last night.

Ann—How in the world did he get up the courage?

Nan—We went to a movie show last night and saw a delicious love scene in the picture.

If Wishes Were Passes

Willie—Gee! I wish I had a million dollars! I'd go to the picture show every day.

Tommy—You'd take me with you, wouldn't you, Willie?

Willie—Naw! If you're too lazy to wish a little for yourself, you can stay at home!

Cutting

Many a movie actor's feelings are badly lacerated in the cutting-room.

Features

Even the poorest photoplay has features in its close-ups.



YOUNG CHAPLIN VS. KID FAIRBANKS

There is not nearly as much luck in a horseshoe over a door as in a horseshoe stuffed in a boxing glove.

"Charge It To Me" Abounds In Warnings



1. Winnie and her friends start on a shopping tour—on the charge-it-to-me plan.



2. The elderly clubman serves as model for the dressing-gown Winnie is making for hubby's birthday.



3. Hubby is furious at finding Winnie's boudoir running over with men. Her explanations do not explain.

Tabloid Synopsis

Winnie Davis (Margarita Fisher) is a young wife with no allowance, her husband telling her to "charge everything." To get some real money to buy hubby a birthday present, she takes out her car as a taxi and soon has plenty of male patrons, running from an elderly clubman to a burglar. Her husband finds them all in the house at once one day and gets excited. His agitation grows when Howard Weston, a former rival, forces him to face financial ruin. Nor does it subside when stolen goods, belonging to Weston, are found in Winnie's room, brought there as a present by Winnie's friend, the burglar. Everything is ultimately explained, however, the stolen goods are returned, and the wind-up is a birthday party for Winnie's long-suffering husband.



4. The crowd extends to the kitchen, where there is an overflow meeting, with the police called in.



5. The burglar's gift has been found and detectives declare the place a "fence." Hubby, disgusted with life, assumes the blame, and is about to be hustled off to jail.



6. A corner of the birthday dinner table, with the principals in the late mix-up as guests. The reformed burglar bids hubby grin and be happy. When explanations follow, he does.

Chawlie of Dogland



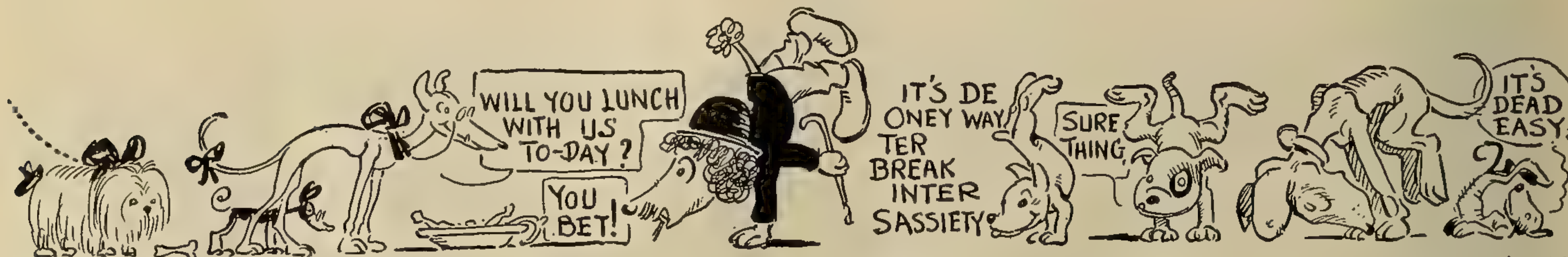
THERE ARE LOTS OF DOGS WHO DO NOUGHT BUT BARK, WHEN ONE OF THEIR ILK HAPPENS TO STUMBLE INTO THE LIME-LIGHT:



AND TRAIL HIM ABOUT THE STREETS TO BOAST AND JEER OVER THEIR EARLY ACQUAINTANCESHIP



BUT IT WAS BY HIS WONDERFUL GENIUS THAT HE WAS ABLE TO CORRAL THE COIN OF THE REALM



SO CHAWLIE, BY HIS SUPERIOR TALENTS BECAME THE IDOL OF SWELL SOCIETY AND THE ENVY OF THE "GAS HOUSE GANG"



THERE'S ONE SURE ROAD TO WIN BACK THE ESTEEM OF THE DISGRUNTLED,—THE STOMACH! SO HE FILLED 'EM WITH BONES WHILE HE REELED OFF A FILM.

Here Is Fatty Arbuckle, Variously "Vamping"



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

All the world knows that Fatty Arbuckle can throw a pie, and here is pictorial proof that he can also throw a glance. Lucky for Theda Bara that Fatty does not "vamp" regularly; otherwise her prestige as a lunist would be in serious danger.

Polite Fiction

THE great scenario author's favorite Hero gazed upon the favorite Heroine with the hideous ferocity of real love. "You cannot refuse me," he sniffled. "My love is too great to be resisted."

She sneered. "That is a mere epigram."

"An epigram is an eternal crystallization of the truth."

"On, no. An epigram is a lie so well said that we wish it might be truth."

He began biting his nails in triumph. "You admit, then, that you at least wish my love could overpower you."

"I admit nothing." She was cryptic, mysterious, wonderful. "The price of admission is more than I can pay."

He spoke like a man gone broke with great emotion. "Have you ever thought what life would be without me?"

"Often. It is my fondest dream."

"You dismiss me, then?"

"No. I marry you. That's the end of the story, and I get rid of you."

The Hero laughed pitilessly. "You cannot escape so easily. We shall meet again in our Author's next scenario. He cannot get along without us."

"I suppose we must expect that. But at least we may be strangers for a few scenes before we begin this sort of thing all over again. I have only one hope."

"You hope you may some day learn to care for me?"

"Never! I hope our Author may get a really new idea and chuck us both forever." She resumed her pose of haughty incompatibility, and the show went on.

Flicker, Flicker

Flicker, flicker, movie star,
How I wonder what you are!
My illusion is destroy'd;
You are naught but celluloid!

In the Rough Stuff

Some directors can't seem to get over the idea that local color means black and blue.

Grief

Usher—A man in the audience is really crying.

Ticket Taker—Maybe he wrote the play.



WORLD

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

These worthies have been six million years getting into the movies, but they are in them at last.

The "Low-down" on the Movies

(Continued from page 27)

"He is, *too*, married! T'ink I don't know a wedding when I see one?"

I owned up to being rather surprised myself. I had not imagined that in this sophisticated age a juvenile, no matter how young, would take the movies seriously.

"And what kind of pictures do *you* like best?" I asked, when the tumult had subsided somewhat.

"Cowboy pitchers where dey ride off cliffs!" asserted Abie.

"I like de fights!" said Micky, pushing out his underlip.

"I like dese here spy pitchers," Eddie broke in, "where dey got sliding doors and floors dat sink in and where dey put people in cellars wid rats and snakes!" Eddie evidently possesses a blood-thirsty disposition.

"Dese war pitchers is good!" chimed in Alec. "I like 'em where de man slaps de Kaiser's face and dey take him out to shoot him and de girl comes and dey go to shoot her and the Americans come and shoot up de whole works!"

Another gentle disposition fostered by the movies.

"I like funny ones!" shrilled Louie. "Didja see Cha'lie Chaplin in 'Shoulder Arms'? Gee, I t'ought he was going t' drown in dat water—I bet he *did* pretty near drown!"

"I know Cha'lie Chaplin *personally*!" announced Micky impressively; but the chorus, instead of being abashed, added their bit loudly.

"Well, didn't I sell Fatty Arbuckle a paper?" "Say, Babe Daniels gimme a nickel oncest!" "Aw, say, I held Fairbanks's dawg fer him one day!" "Listen! I gotta cousin dat woiks fer Mary Pickford!"—

"As you were saying, Micky," I said, quieting the vocal melange, "you know Chaplin *personally*?"

"Sure I do! I seen him on location oncest, taking a pitcher, and dere was a cat in de hood of his machine an' I got it out and it yowled like everyt'ing and he talked t' me and gimme a dime.

"I gotta cousin whose husband used to be a buyer for de movies!" Micky boasted.

"A buyer?" I repeated vaguely.

"Sure! Dey'd tell him what dey wanted fer a scene, and he'd go out and buy it. But he's promoted now; he's a watcher."



A HARD-WORKED STAR

"What! Made up at 8:30 again to-morrow? Oh, have a heart!" cries Charlie Ray.

"A watchman, do you mean?" I asked.

"Naw, nothing like dat," he scoffed. "He watches 'em make a scene, and if he don't like de way dey do it, he tells 'em so, and dey have to do it over."

And, by the same token, Micky's relative-in-law is probably some kind of a director.

"Tell me what you think of the future of the screen," I suggested.

The majority of the gang were stumped at the word, but Micky, the ever-ready, came to the bat.

"I t'ink people is goin' to git awfully tired of pitchers unless dey change a lot," he said, with the grave air of an expert. "Say, when I go to see a pitcher, I kin purty near tell from the first reel what's goin' t' happen between dat and the clinch."

Before the gang left, I asked them to write out their sentiments concerning their movie favorites. They did so with much labor. Louie said he couldn't "write very good," but that he could print on the typewriter, provided I told him where the letters

were and which ones to use. So he essayed the feat, stating that Mary Pickford was his ideal, because of the way she acts. The last word bothered all of them, Eddie contending that it was spelled "a-c-s," Micky holding out for "a-x-s," and Louie compromised by spelling it "ax."

When they filed out, I bestowed on each of them a shiny dime, and I heard their piercing voices as they clumped down the stairs: "Sure we kin git a front seat fer a dime!" "Aw, let's go see dat wild West pitcher on Main Street!" "I don't care! I bet Bill Hart is married!" "Ah-h, gwan!"—

Exactly fifteen minutes later a knock advised me of a visitor, and the door, when opened, disclosed Abie with a dirty-faced urchin in tow.

"Say, lady," he burst out, without giving me time to speak, "dis kid knows a lot of movie acters. Tell her who ya like best." He nudged the blushing youngster.

"Marvel Ray and William Farnum is my favrits." The newcomer spoke up mechanically and parrot-like, having evidently been carefully primed.

"Why Marvel Ray?" I inquired.

"Well, she lives on our street, and I've seen her lots of times."

"And William Farnum?" I pursued.

He hesitated and looked questioning-ly at Abie.

"Spill it!" said the latter impatiently. "Tell 'er ya like him 'cause he plays in good pitchers."

"Sure!" said the other.

I paid the late arrival two nickels for his information and signature, and from my window, which faces on the hall, I saw them stop in a parley by the elevator, and Abie's voice came sharp and threatening: "Come across! Don't try t' hold out on me! I got youse in on it, didn't I?"

Film Fun

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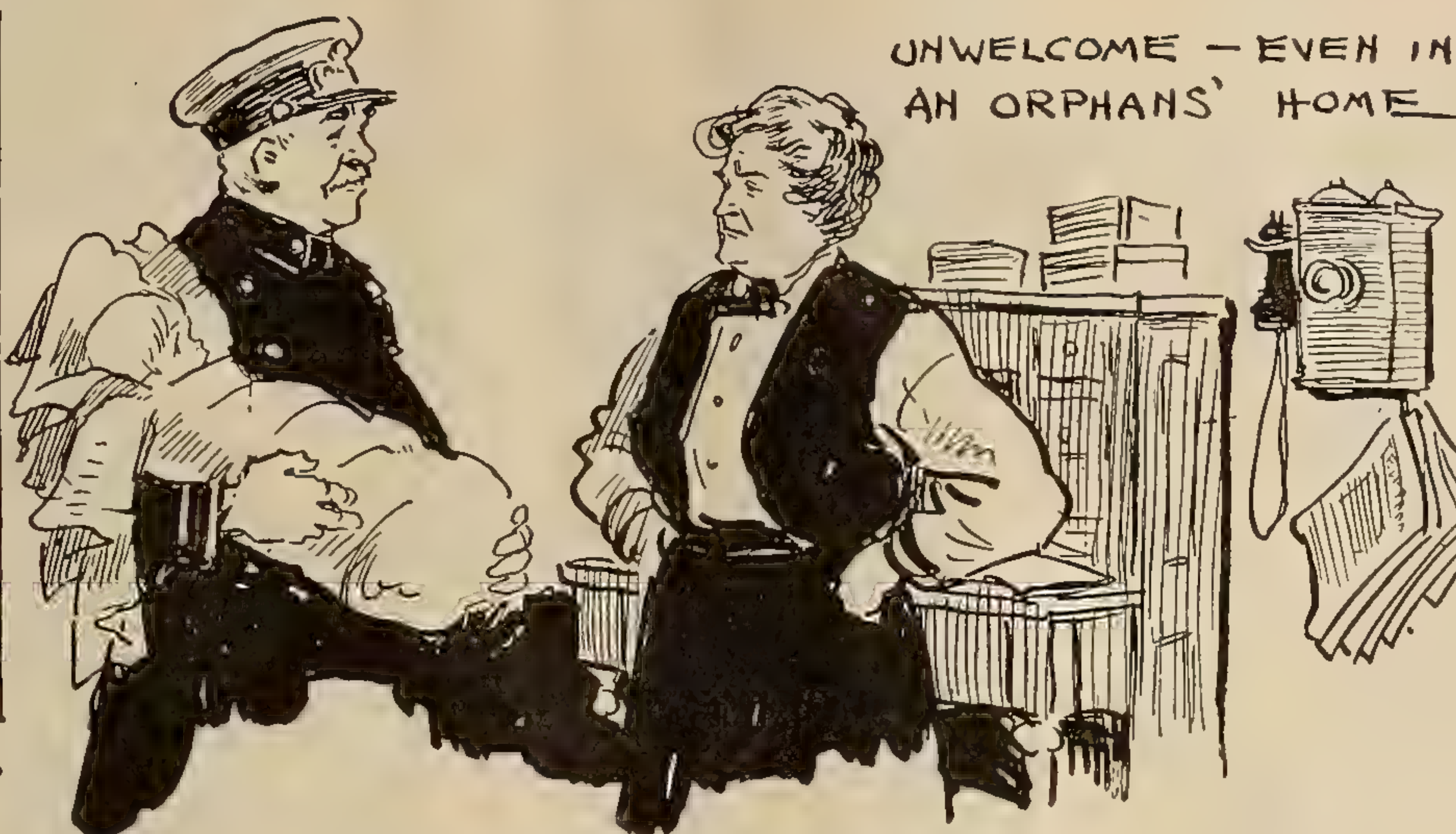
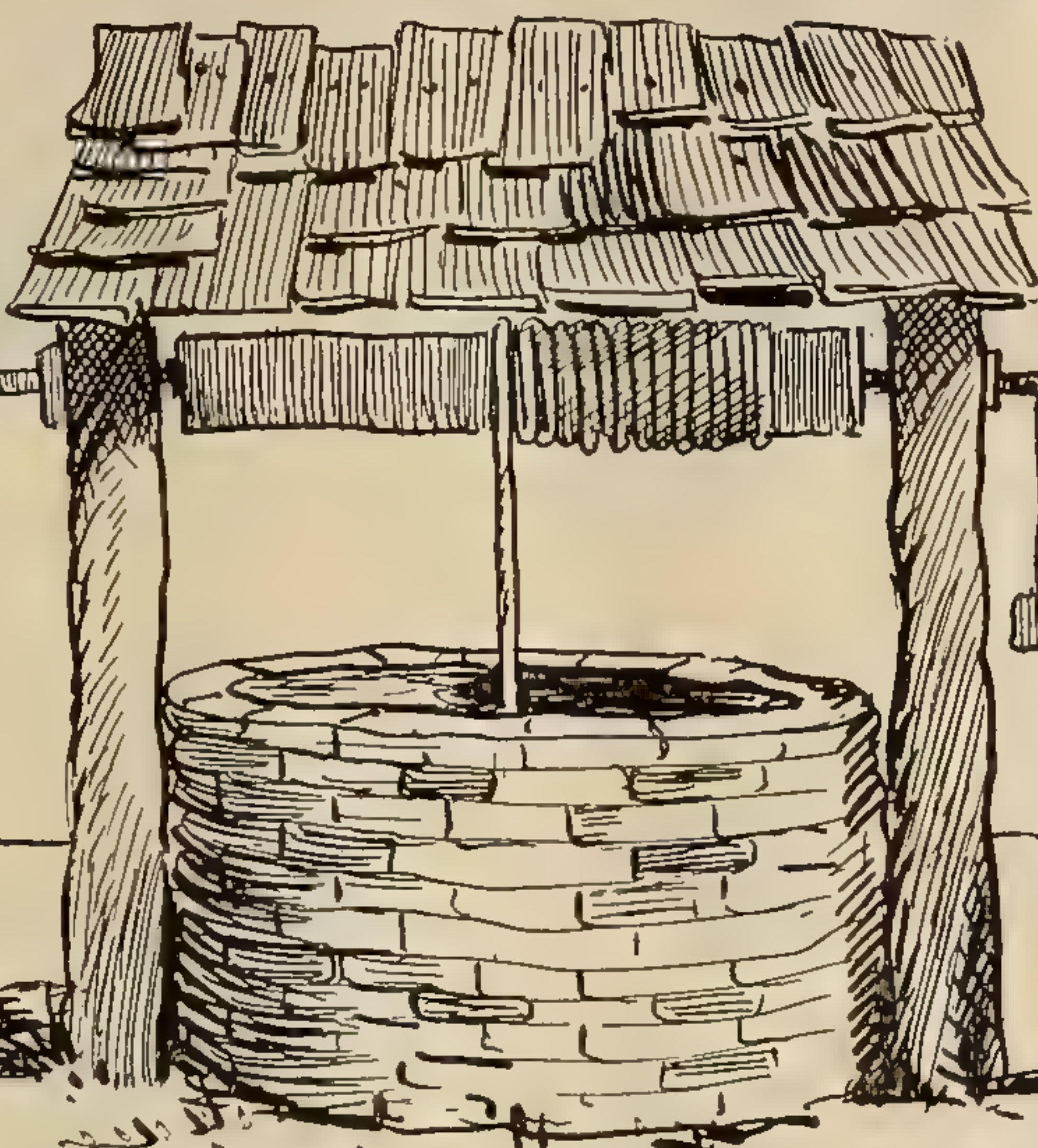
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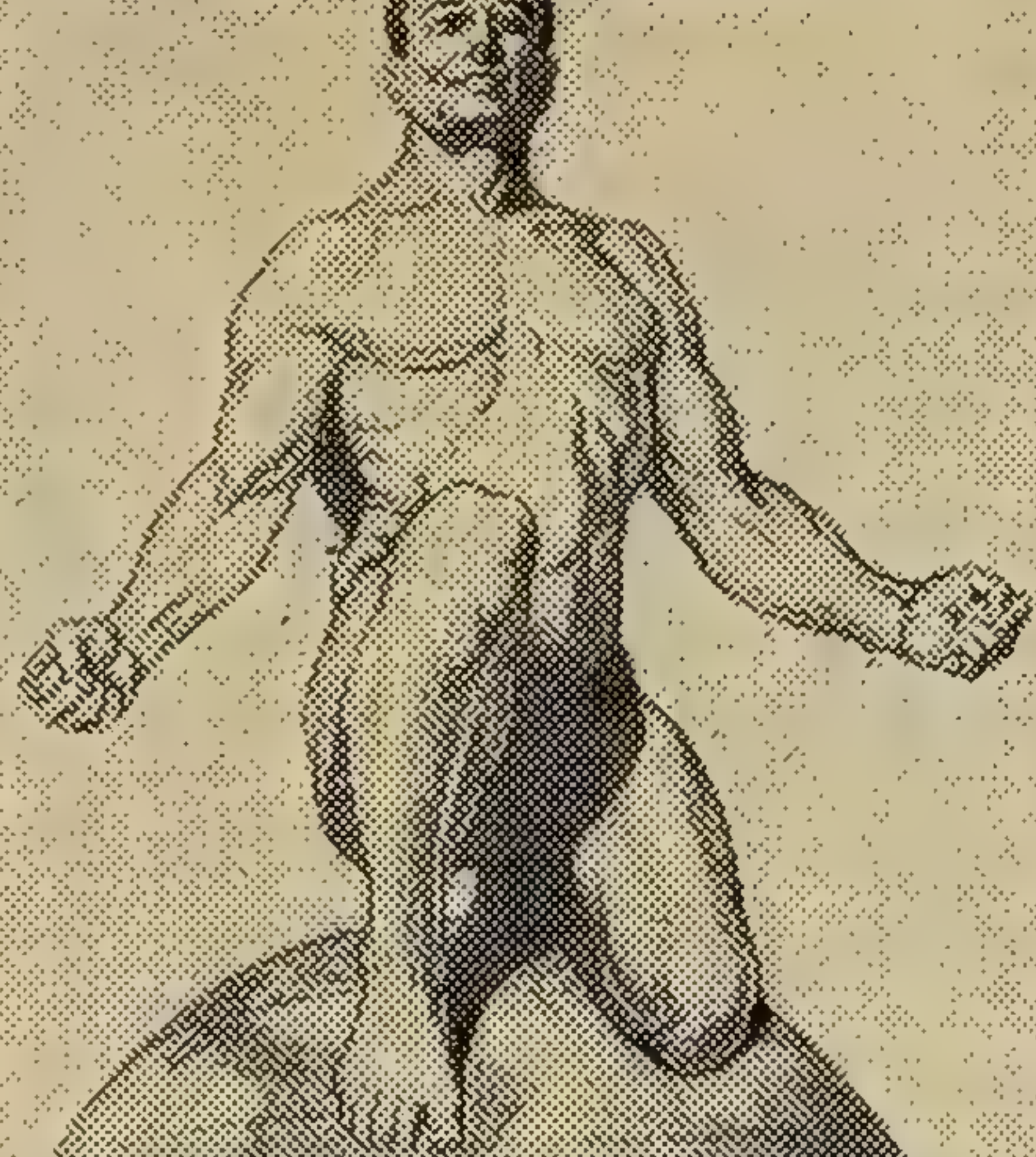


HER START IN LIFE ~

UNWELCOME — EVEN IN
AN ORPHANS' HOMEBROUGHT UP ON
PRUNES, FEAR
AND HARDSHIPSOH FOR
SOME FOOD!SHE MENDED AND
MOTHERED THE
WHOLE FLOCK ~YOU MAY BE THE
BEST DIRECTOR IN THE
BUSINESS BUT I'M DOING
MY OWN ACTING — SEE?MARSHALL NEILAN, ACTOR, HANDS A
GOOD BAWLING-OUT TO MARSHALL
NEILAN, DIRECTOR ~THE FEMALE BULLY
OF THE INSTITUTION FELL
IN THE WELL BUT WAS
RESCUED AFTER MUCH
PERSEVERANCE AND
PERSPIRATION ~JUDY TAKES A FACIAL FALL OUT OF
A VISITING ARISTOCRAT ~

Mary Pickford's first photoplay from her own studios, "Daddy Long Legs," fairly bubbles with film fun. It is the first seven-reel picture the famous star has ever made. Miss Pickford is determined that her personally produced pictures shall excel any she has yet done, and to that end paid \$40,000 for the screen rights to "Daddy Long Legs," and secured Marshall Neilan, one of the greatest and most expensive directors in the business, to direct it for her. Watch for it when it comes to your city; it's a really wonderful film. The First National Exhibitors' Circuit, Inc., Distributors.

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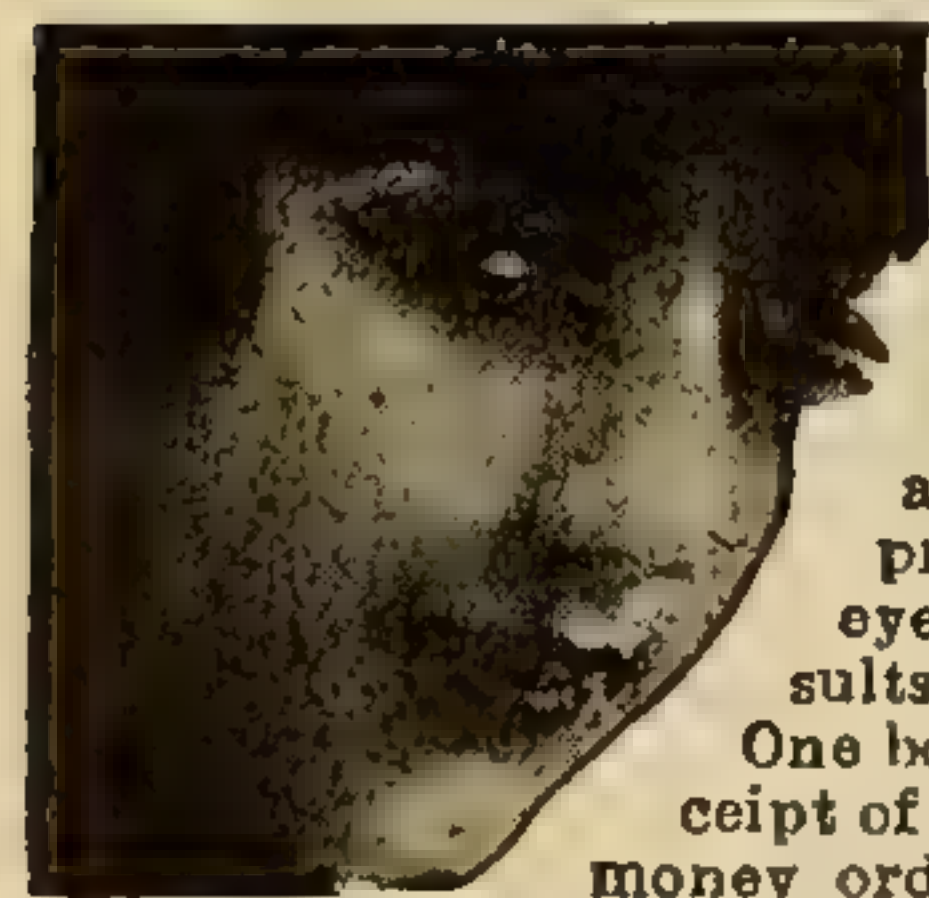


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UNITED

Dusty in his den; Dusty being California dialect for Dustin Farnum.

Screen Scrapple

Observations, wise and otherwise, of
New York studio folks and their doings.

By H. R.

THERE are three kinds of moving picture actresses—those who appear as vampires, those who wear curls, and those you never heard of.

On the other hand, there are all kinds of actors—those who brilliantine their hair, those who vaseline their hair, those who marcel their hair, those who comb their hair—and Bill Farnum.

The Seven Deadly Virtues of the Movies are the heroine who visits a man's apartments, alone, at midnight, at his request—and doesn't know what it means—and the six others in various pictures who do the same thing.

After an interview with any second leading lady, one becomes convinced that all of the feminine stars in film-dom are conspiring to crush her, because they KNOW she can walk away with the picture.

The Seven Deadly Sins of the Movies are:

The one the scenario writer commits against the author when he mutilates his script.

The one the director commits against

the scenario writer in changing *his* version.

The one the star commits against the director in "hogging" all the scenes.

The one the camera man commits against the star in not giving her a sufficient number of close-ups.

The one the electrician commits against the camera man by not having the lights in proper working order.

The one the critic commits against the picture when he pans it.

The one for which no one is responsible when the picture is bad.

"Some Liar" is the frank title of William Russel's newest feature, and not an allusion to his press agent, as might be surmised offhand. The star's lies are the big moments of the picture. It is refreshing to see a star come right out like that and not pretend he's doing anything else but lying.

Some of the news weekly views of the war are so enlightening! How arresting and instructive it will be in later years to view the great scenes of conflict, taken at risk of life and limb, and point out to your children and children's children the important part played in the war by the 1111th Engineers, who kept the company bicycles oiled; the sacrifice of the children of Bjklumbpa as they hand a drummer of the 3333d Division a garland of sweet

patooties; the rubbish heap found in the wake of the retreating enemy; a month's supply of "canned Willie" taken on a station platform 200 miles back of the lines, and the importance in war times of keeping up the morale of the army by teaching the schoolchildren back home to sing the war hymns of the Allied countries. Truly, the men who faced such dangers that Kaiserism might be crushed deserve high rewards. What more fitting tribute than to invite them to witness their own handiwork!

Jewish humor of vaudeville has for long meant everything to us, and now comes Sholom Aleichem, the Jewish Mark Twain, to spread his geniality through the movies. Alice Hastings is supported in the picture by Giacomo Masuroff and Alex Tenenholtz. The



BRENTWOOD

Za Su Pitts, as Nancy Scroggs, in "Better Times."

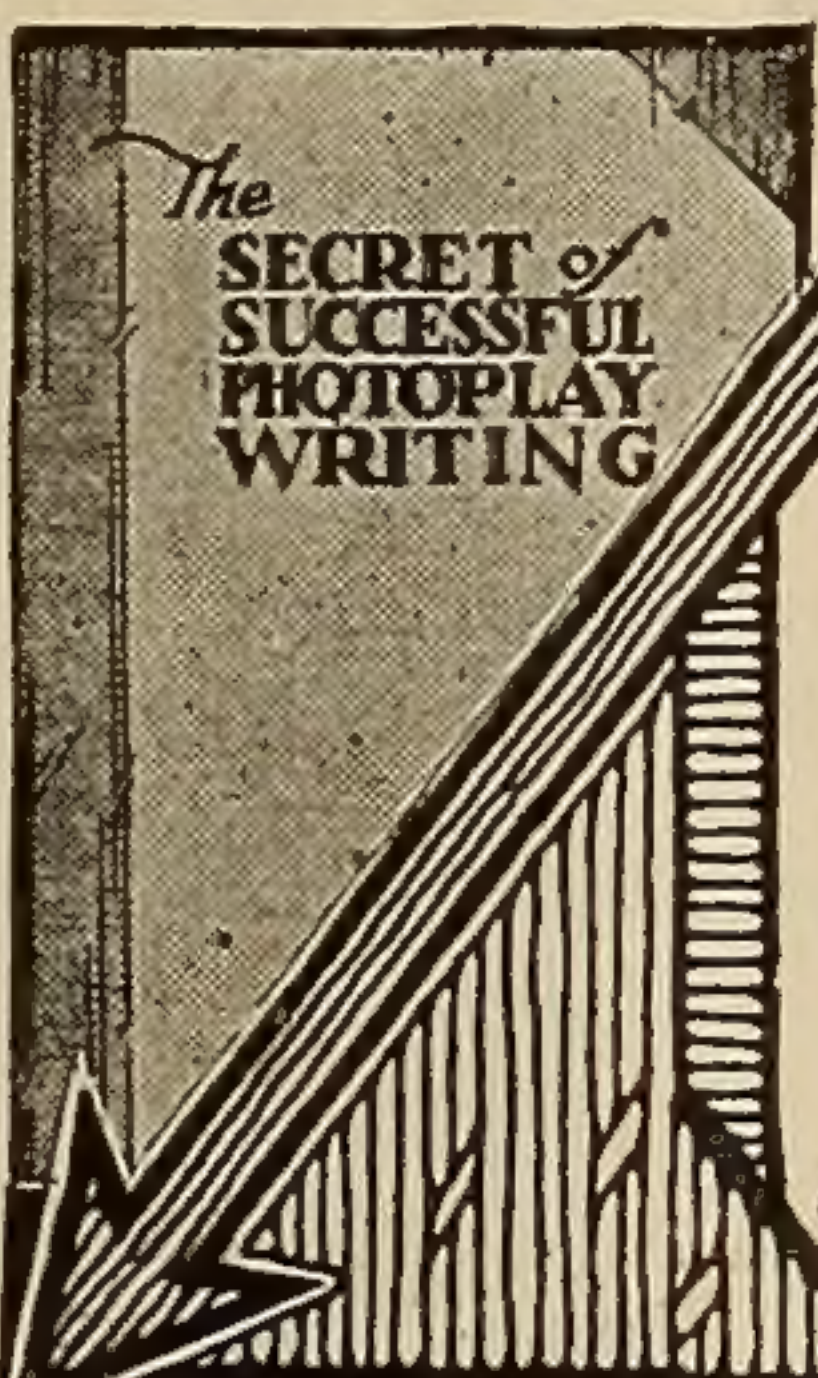
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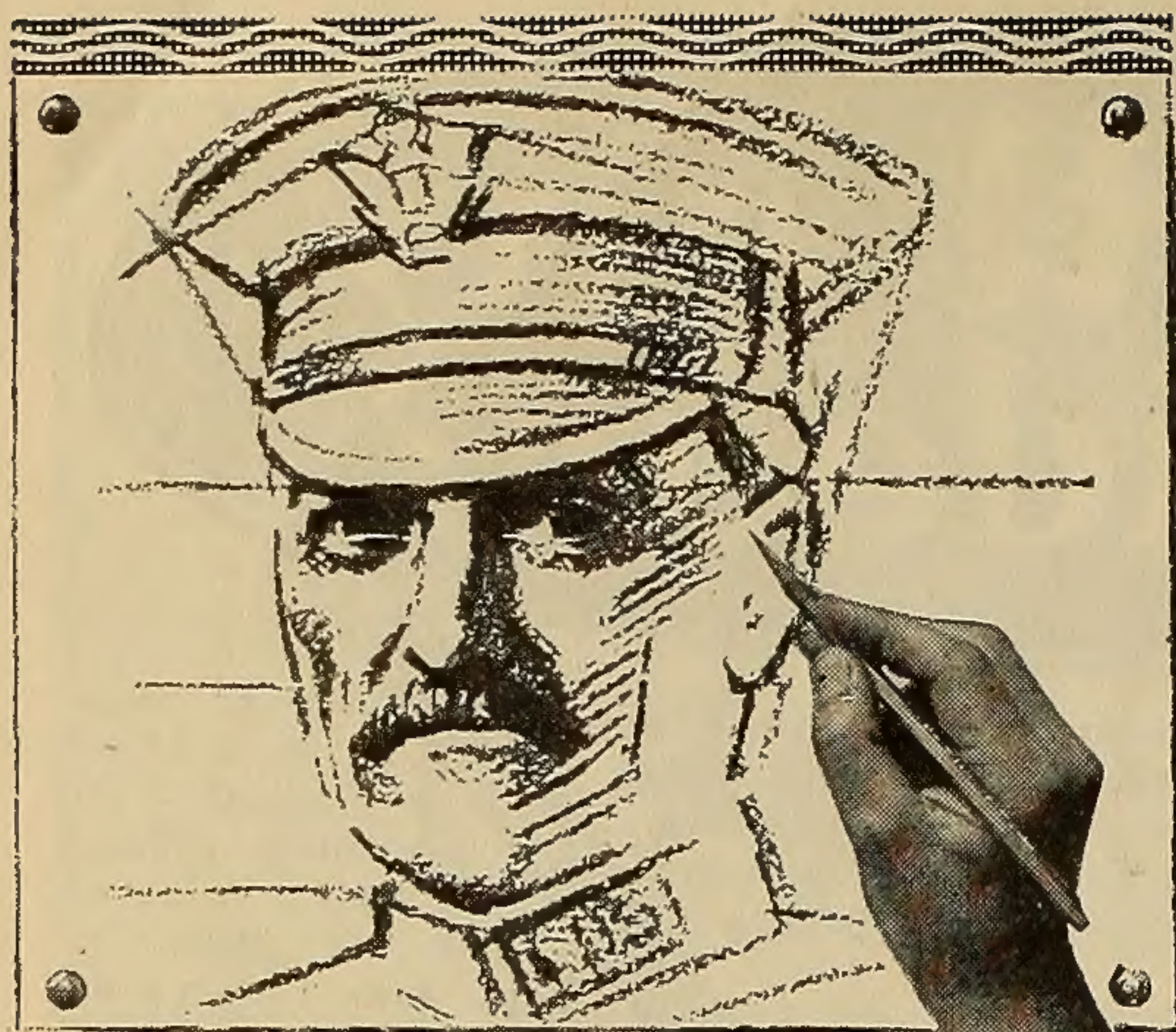
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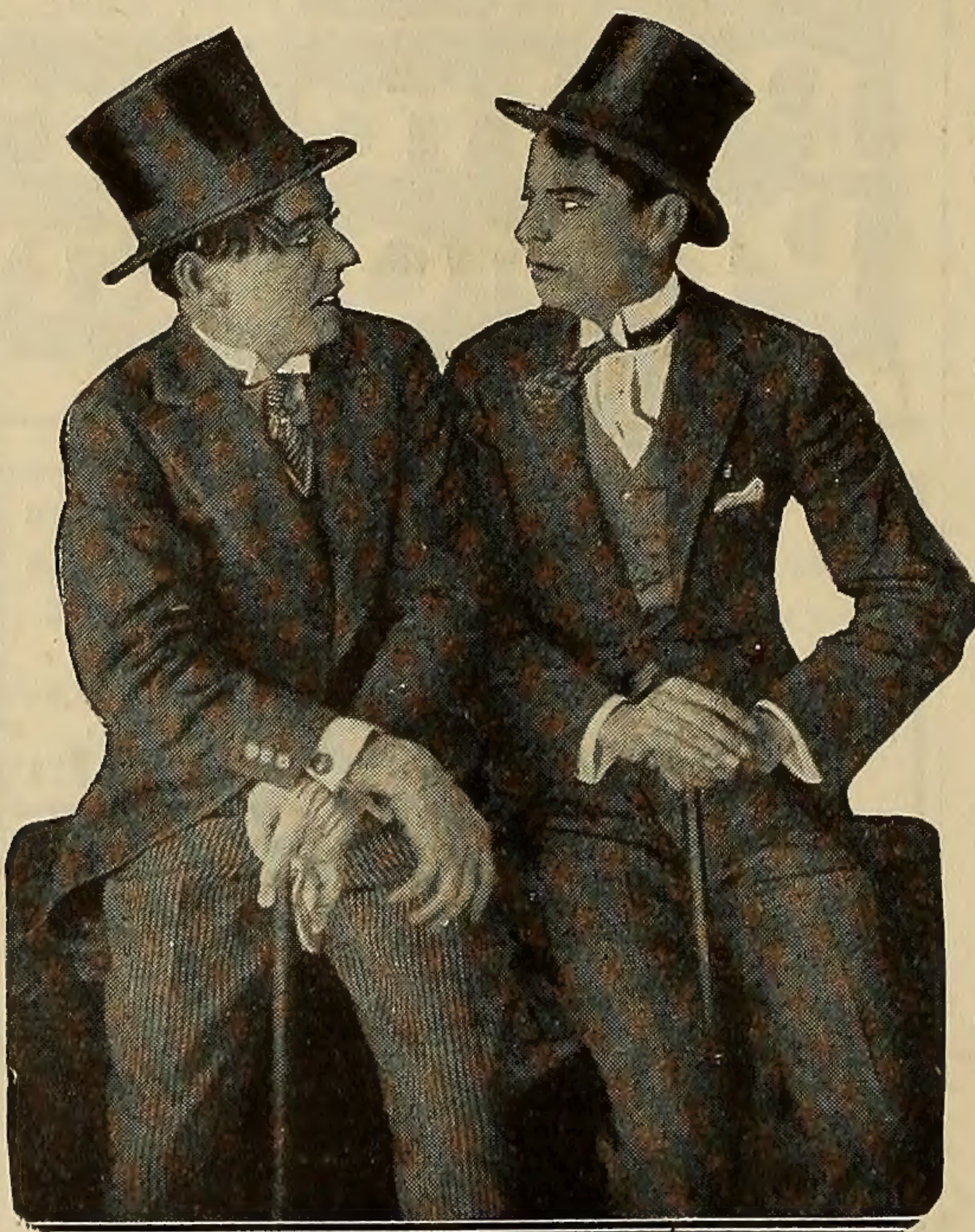
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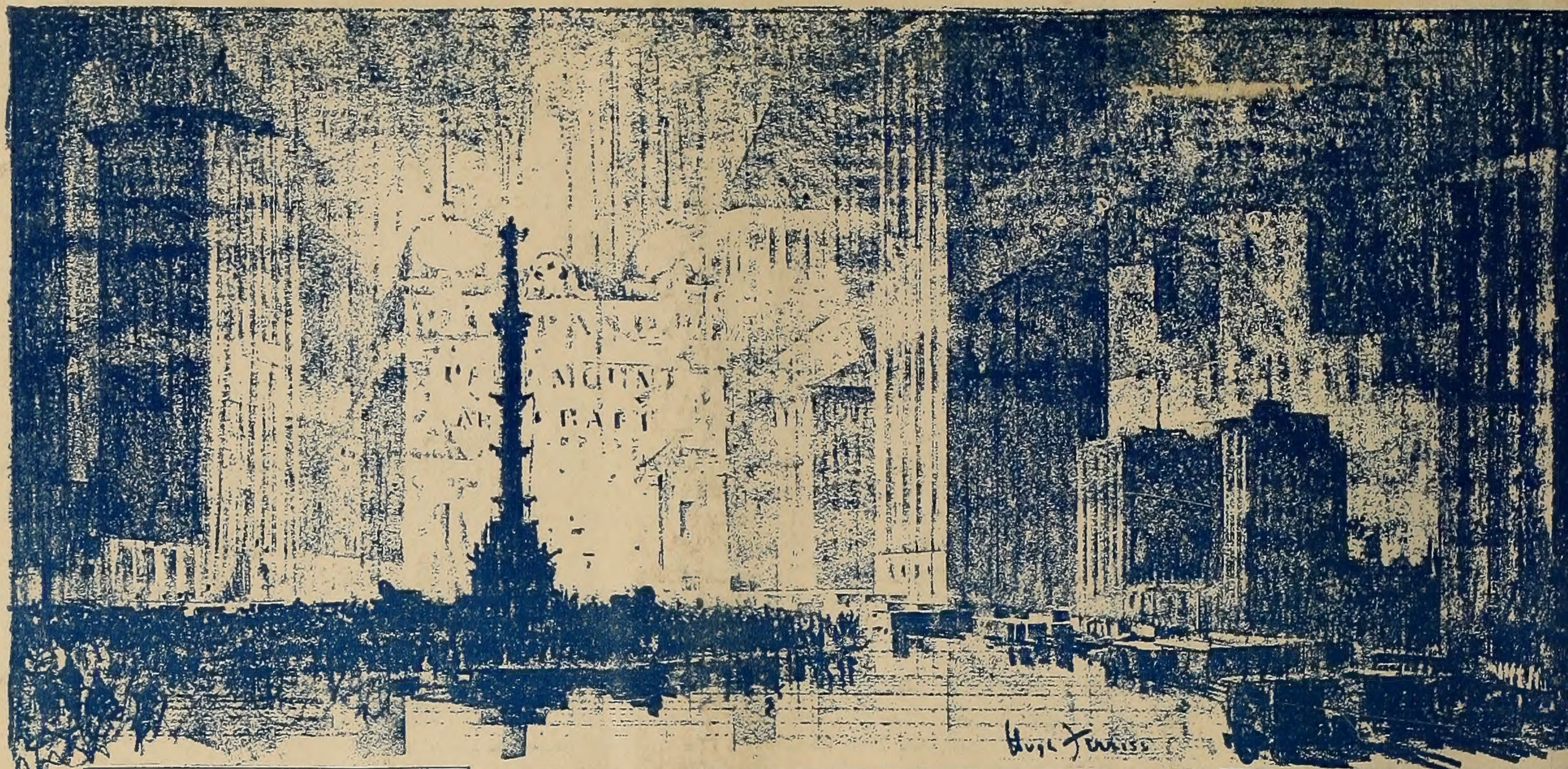
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 A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
 VIVIAN MARTIN in "The Home Town Girl"
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 *CHARLES RAY in "The Busher"
 WALLACE REID in "The Roaring Road"
 BRYANT WASHBURN in "Something to Do"

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"THE HUN WITHIN"
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 "LITTLE WOMEN" (From Louisa Alcott's Famous Book)
 A Wm. A. Brady Production
 "SPORTING LIFE"
 A Maurice Tourneur Production
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 Starring William Faversham
 "THE FALSE FACES"
 A Thos. H. Ince Production
 "THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME"
 Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel

Artcraft

GEO. M. COHAN in "Hit the Trail Holliday"
 CECIL B. DE MILLE'S PRODUCTION
 "For Better, For Worse"
 DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
 ELSIE FERGUSON in "Eyes of the Soul"
 *WM. S. HART in "The Money Corral"
 MARY PICKFORD in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
 FRED STONE in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE COMEDY "Love"
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